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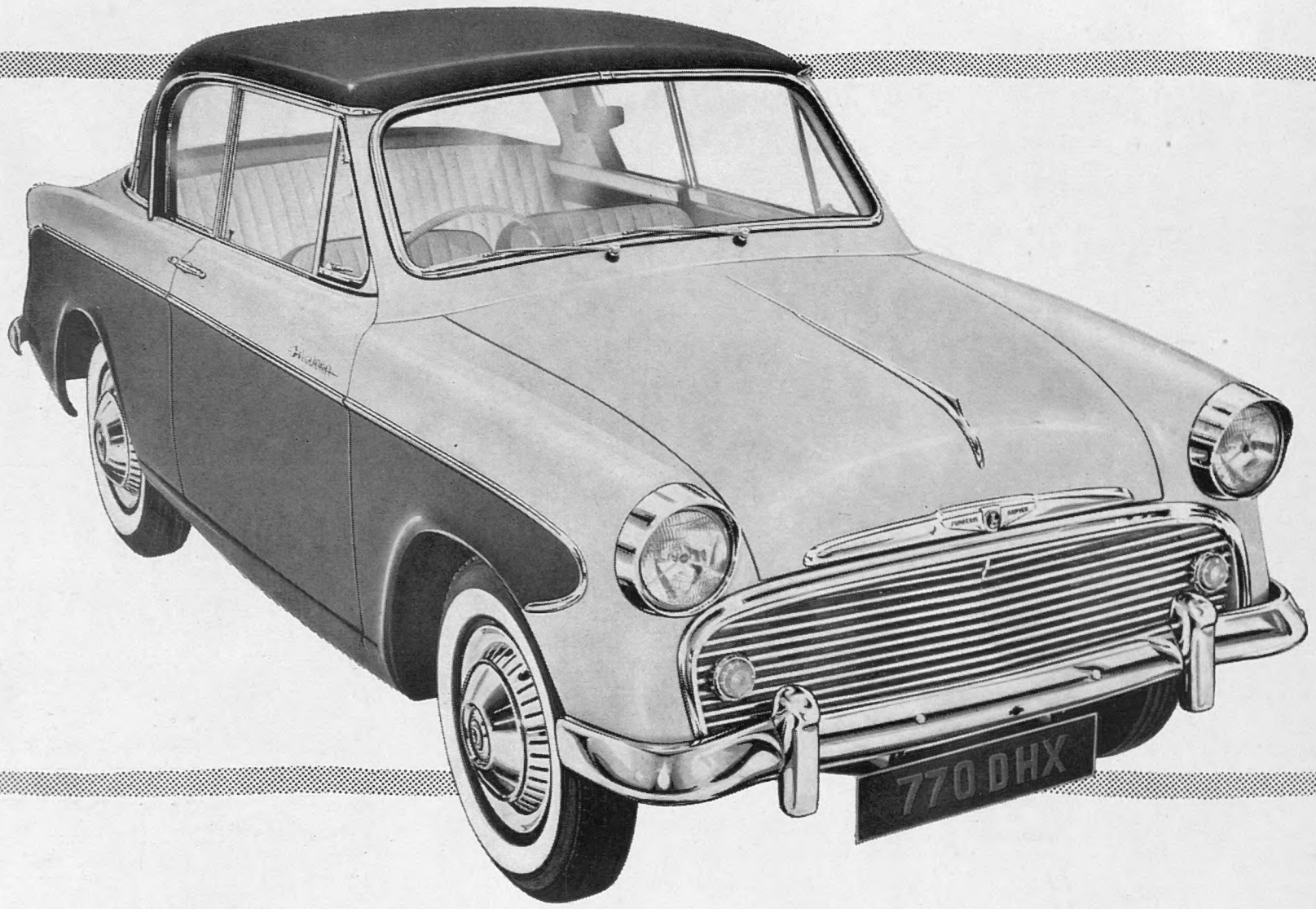

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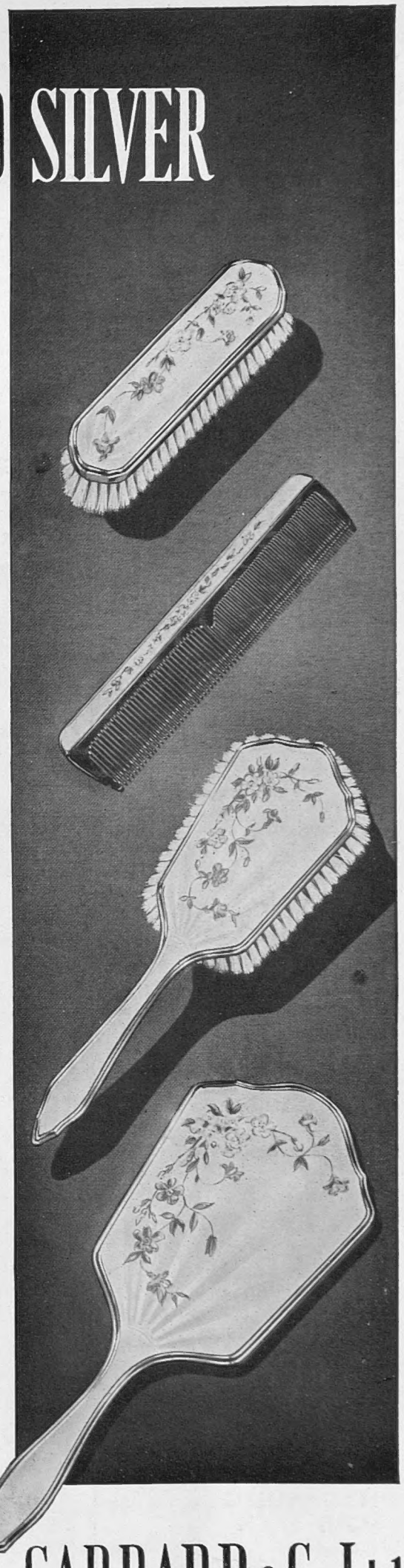

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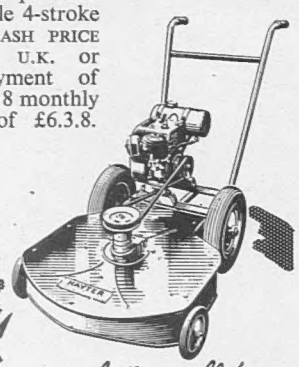

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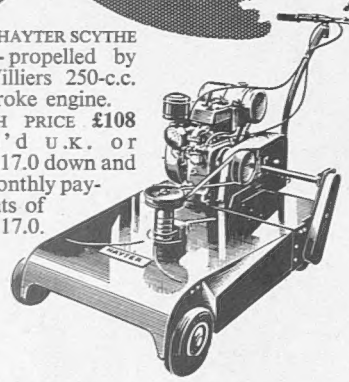

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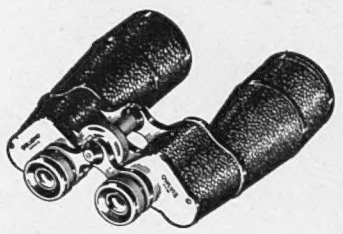

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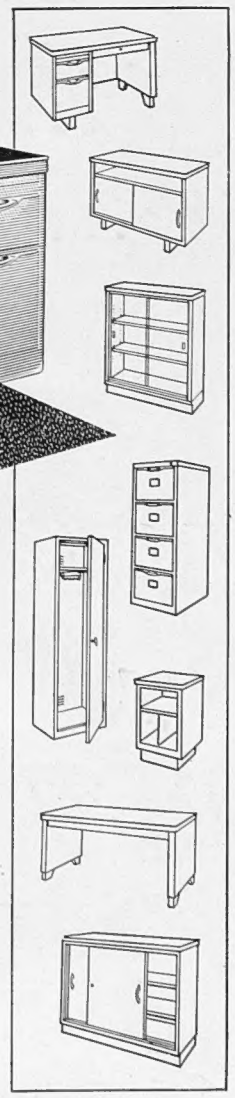

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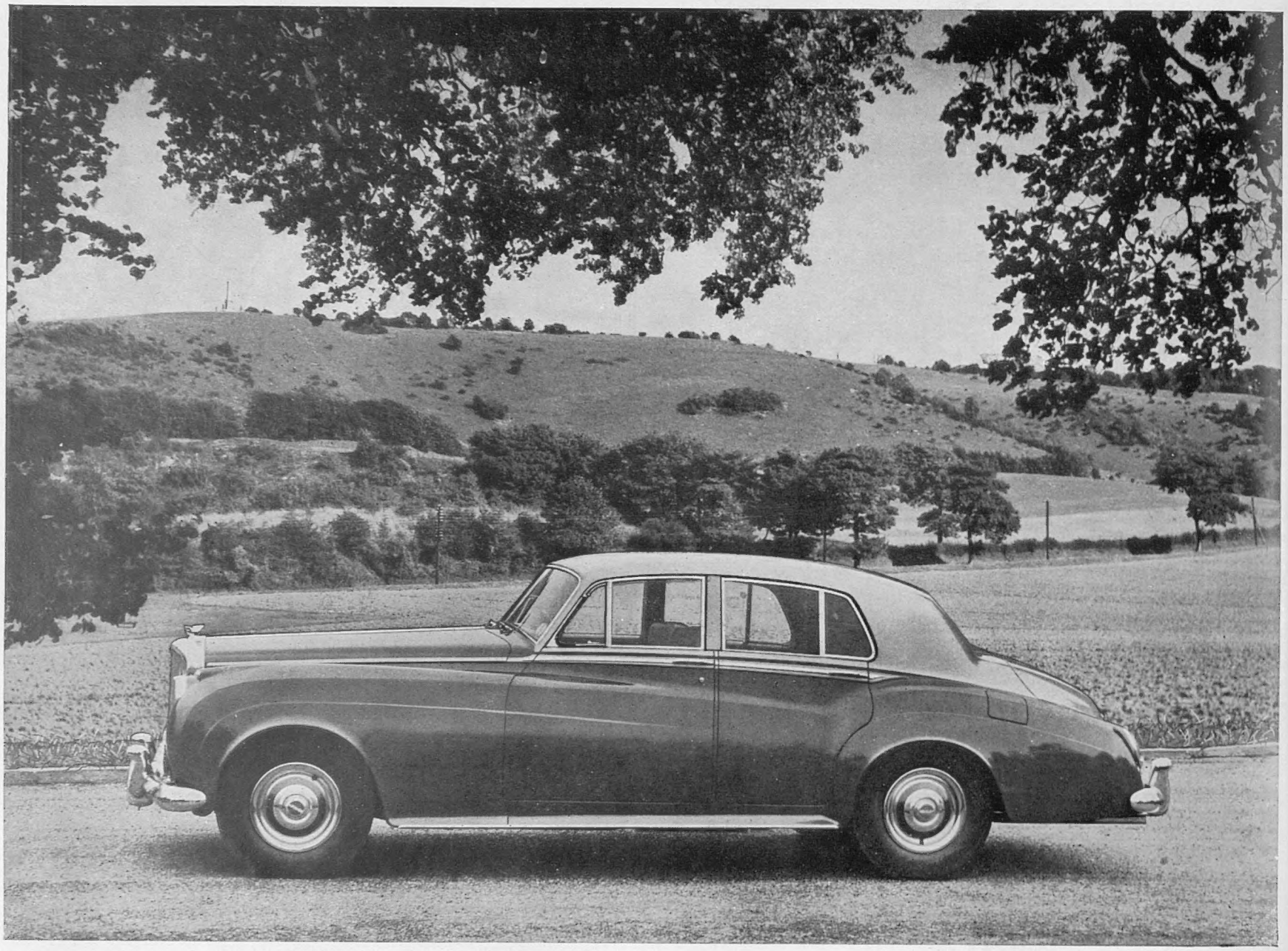

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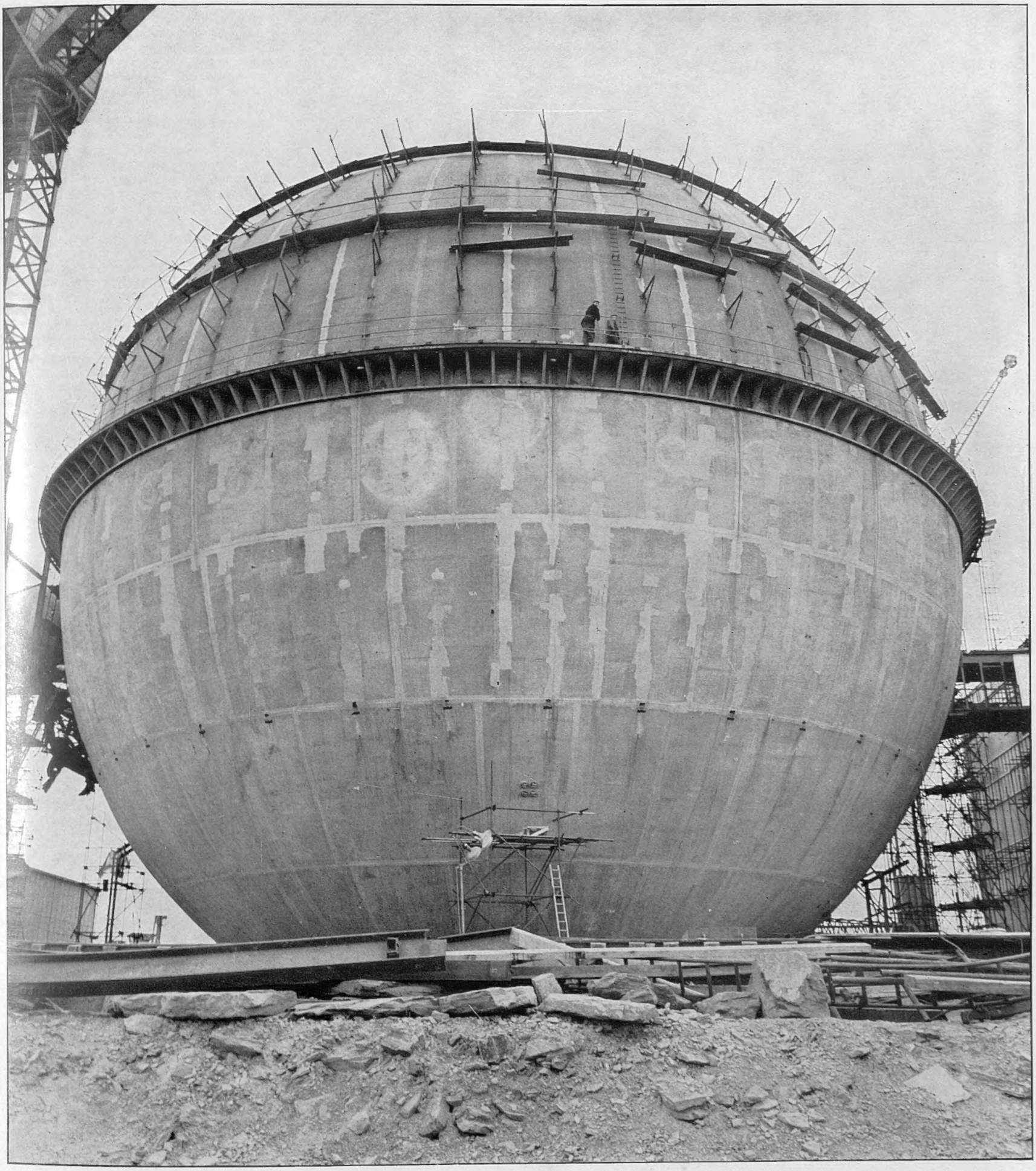

A NEW SHAPE ON THE PENTLAND FIRTH—A CLOSE-UP OF THE ENORMOUS 135-FT. STEEL SPHERE WHICH WILL HOUSE THE "FAST BREEDER" REACTOR AT DOUNREAY, SCOTLAND'S FIRST NUCLEAR POWER STATION: It will begin to produce electricity intermittently during next year, but the station's main function will be to undertake experimental research work on various types of reactor. The electricity generating equipment at Dounreay will have a capacity of 60,000 kilowatts.

The enormous steel sphere which will house the "fast breeder" type reactor at Dounreay is constructed from sections of mild steel plate varying in thicknesses between 1 in. and $1\frac{7}{8}$ in. It is one of the largest pressure vessels ever built and is designed to serve two purposes. First, it will localise the spread of fission products formed during reactor operation, should they be accidentally released within the sphere. Secondly, it is designed to withstand any pressure variations which might occur as a result of a liquid metal fire within the structure. The "fast breeder" type of reactor which the sphere will contain is the most complex and efficient yet known. It will produce more power more economically than other types, but the power produced will be a "by-product" of the experimental research work upon which the station will concentrate. The massive sphere is the dominating feature of Scotland's first nuclear power station and stands out for miles in a flat countryside. Another type of reactor is also being installed at Dounreay, but this will be used for research work only. Further pictures from Dounreay are on page 275.

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AMATEUR THEATRICALS

THE W. H. SMITH AND SON'S DRAMATIC SOCIETY : Ron Wellings (left), in the part of Taplow, and Bill White, as Andrew Crocker-Harris, are seen together in Terence Rattigan's *The Browning Version*. The W.H.S. Company recently presented this play and *Harlequinade* in performances of Rattigan's *Playbill* at the Rudolf Steiner Theatre in London.

For their spring production this year, the W. H. Smith and Son's Amateur Dramatic Society selected Terence Rattigan's *Playbill*. This consists of two plays, *The Browning Version* and *Harlequinade*. Since the first is set in a public school and the second concerns a theatre in a Midlands town, the performances severely test the calibre of the players. This is especially so when, as was the case with the W.H.S. Company, some of the actors and actresses appear in both parts of the bill. However, the W.H.S. actors, who presented the plays at the Rudolf Steiner Theatre in Baker Street, showed themselves well able to accept this challenge. Notable among them was Bill White, who played leads in *The Browning Version* and *Harlequinade*. As is now an established convention, Miss Rona Laurie was in charge of the production, as she has been since the Society was revived after the war.

A NEW BROOM : Ann Gimblett, playing Millie Crocker-Harris, welcomes Marshall Gibson (as Peter Gilbert, the new master) and Jocelyn Palmer (Mrs. Gilbert) in the W.H.S. Society's recent production of *The Browning Version*.

" HARLEQUINADE " : In this play Bill White (right) is Arthur Gosport. On left is Dorothy Hyde (Edna Selby), behind the pram are Tom Wood and Ruby Bowyer (Mr. and Mrs. Palmer) and behind is Murray Dear (Jack Wakefield).

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A London Newsletter

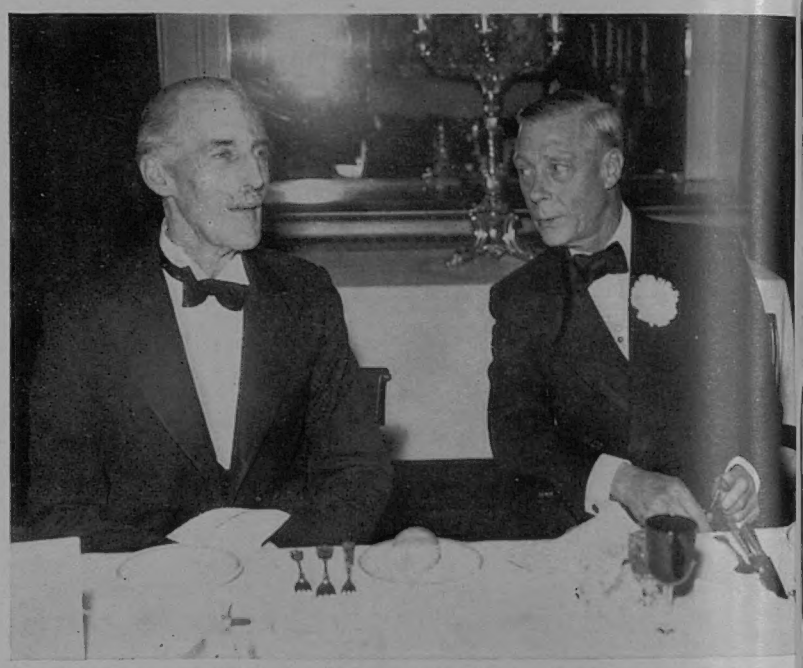
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

"His Favourite Flower."—The voice of the first statesman of civilisation is seldom heard to-day. When it is heard—as it was last week by the Primrose League—Sir Winston's flowers of oratory are everybody's favourite flowers. The grand old man silences even the most ruthless critics and cranks. He was born in the days when a " gunboat " could enforce the directives of the big Powers for the ultimate good of the small fry (as the big Powers believed). All that is changed. The fourth form is a body to be reckoned with to-day and new boys make trouble if they don't enjoy at least an equal vote in school matters. There was perhaps a hint of nostalgia for those old days in Sir Winston's references to Sir Anthony and the cancellation of his orders to *his* Suez " gunboat." As forcefully and as movingly as ever, Sir Winston called for resolution by our nation to regain our lost prestige and recover from the blows we have taken from friends and foes alike since he retired. Alas ! 1957 is not like 1940. We are still in mortal danger. Our backs are to the wall, but we have to think much more in terms of money than we did in 1940. Then, we dipped without thought into our treasure chest. To-day we are trying to refill it or conserve its relics. Take that Canal question and Nasser. It looks as if on this subject the golden voice can be but *vox et praeterea nihil*, the oratory only flowers. It seems we must acknowledge defeat, if only temporarily. We must bow to Nasser's terms; and why ? Because, if we don't use the Canal, our trade competitors will gain a big advantage, we shall have to go on buying oil ruinously from America. All we can do is to use it as little as possible, build bigger tankers and charge up our humiliation to the weakness of U.N. and the lethargy of our friends. And *that* butters no parsnips. We must compromise, must make the compromise as narrow as we can. For a century the Canal has been our essential artery. To-day Mr. Watkinson assures us it is merely a temporary luxury. But a call for resolution to regain our shattered prestige by making one more surrender look as trifling and petty as possible is very different from the uninhibited rallying cries of 1940. It is not the grand old man who has changed. It is the circumstances. The grand old man did not reveal his own innermost thoughts to the Primrose League, you may be sure. The responsibility is no longer his.

Nuclear Deterrent.—To judge by Press photographs, Mr. Dulles at NATO responded rather glumly to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's ebullience. On one point in the latter's arguments pro the nuclear deterrent, I, too, respond glumly. " We have based our defence on the deterrent and we have reason to believe that the Soviet Government respects it." How the devil does he know ? Presumably he bases his faith in it on the fact that World War III has not yet been launched, despite many fine provocations. For this relief, much thanks; but it might be due to reasons less stupid than fear of the Western stockpile. It might be due less to dread of world suicide than to a genuine desire to live longer and more comfortably behind the Iron Curtain. Not that Mr. Dulles is less Maginot-minded than Mr. Selwyn Lloyd on this matter of the nuclear deterrent, but his Government has very much less justification than ours for risking a gesture which might open the door to sanity and a measure of real disarmament. It wouldn't weaken the Western deterrent against World War III if we announced that for six months we would discontinue experiments to see if our example induced others to follow. And if we did, I should be surprised if our stock and influence in the world did not rocket the morning after. Far be it from me to suggest that British Ministers inherit or borrow parrot cries, but it takes a gruelling apprenticeship before a statesman can try out a parrot cry and prove it to be *vox dei*. I am sure that this nuclear horror will never be resolved by mouthing parrot cries or hiding behind Maginot lines. It calls for new thinking and courageous action and it seems that at last our Government has seen the urgency of an independent gesture. But a gesture is not enough. Only an unequivocal declaration to uphold the moral law and humanity, whatever the consequences, can save the world and restore our prestige.

A Giant Refreshed.—Mr. Bevan has clearly returned like a giant refreshed from the Orient. He was ready at Reading to pronounce on a variety of subjects and on none with any hesitation. I confess I agree with every word he said about the H-bomb, and thus earn from the supporters of our Government's policy the charge of being a crank, a halfwit or a traitor. But there it is. If you use the beastly thing when you have perfected it, you commit certain suicide. Why, then, pinch your resources to make it when your boss has already enough of them to destroy himself and you and civilisation, and can well carry the bluff (the deterrent) on his shoulders. The Government spokesmen tell us that we doom ourselves to the status of a minor power if we are not in on the H-bomb, and that that is unthinkable. History may, and many contemporary thinkers already do, declare that " a first-class power " is one with the courage to give a lead to civilisation's Gadarene swine away from the crater edge of mass suicide. And I incline to think that only by showing that courage on this subject shall we regain our lost influence among the nations under our present type of leadership. I agree with him also about the Suez adventure. It came too late, it ended too soon. Politically it was damnably mishandled and ill-timed and has brought more humiliation on Britain than any incident for centuries. As for the re-scrambling of the steel industry, I know as little about the subject as those " commission agents of the City of London who have made millions out of it " since it returned to private ownership. But it is a lively industry which has managed to survive extinction in private hands, and Mr. Bevan must be a giant refreshed indeed if he is confident of his party returning to power on the issue of bigger and better nationalisation. It is easier to be " quite certain " of the rightness of your adverse views on the H-bomb and even on Suez than of favourable opinion of nationalisation, as at present enjoyed.

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR IN LONDON



A REUNION DINNER AT THE UNITED SERVICES CLUB : The Duke of Windsor, who had come to Britain for a short visit, presides at the reunion dinner of his fellow Royal Navy cadets of fifty years ago, who entered the Exmouth Term at Osborne, the preparatory naval college in the Isle of Wight. On the left is General Sir Alan Bourne, who was appointed to the staff at Osborne in 1906. Of the sixty cadets with the Duke at Osborne in 1907, twenty-nine attended the dinner.

Royal Academy 189.—When I was young, the country cousins flocked to Burlington House to be charmed. They learned from Leader the peaceful beauty of their native rivers and from Laszlo the grace and loveliness of the London hostesses they read about. The middle classes came away with the conviction that the world was a paradise of beauty peopled with angelic beings. Then John, and Sickert and his school, and such like reformers, reacted too strongly against prettiness, and some of John's sitters must have felt that they paid a heavy price (even to ridicule) for the honour of making great pictures, and music-hall interiors with purple-skinned ballet girls shocked all who have grown up in admiration of the old pantomime transformation scenes (as I did). Much has happened since then to continue the time-honoured criticism that the R.A. grows less and less distinguished and more and more ugly. But whatever may be the truth with the output of the first hundred years, in the last eighty-nine years the painters and selectors do not seem to have resolved the supreme test of a picture for ordinary folk: how long can you bear to live with it, day in, day out ? For me, I have

long been converted to the truth that a Laszlo or a Leader did not pass the test. I am not yet converted to permanent delight in a masterpiece which is "ugly" or does not represent the subject as my untutored eye still sees it. As for portraits of V.I.P.s in their robes of ceremony, whether or no they flatter their subjects and paint them as I see them, I could never bear to live with them. So I find R.A. No. 189 depressing, often ugly and seldom distinguished, and there is no danger at all of my getting away with an exhibit "beneath my cloak," less still of my paying to take one away.

"The Printed Word is Still the Best."—The Premier, appropriately addressing the Stationers and Newspaper Company recently, told them that the printed word is still the best. He doubted whether new methods of communication would ever supersede it. Certainly when I have listened to V.I.P.s stuttering on the "sound-box" I have felt he is right. But I venture to qualify his statement. The printed word is sometimes less than the best. You may find it so in some of your Sunday and, indeed, daily newspaper columns. Sometimes even in official communications, it could be better spelt, and in the Press might often be better arranged and put to more worthy ends. Take the Post Office transcripts of greeting telegrams. They *could* be better spelt. Or directives from Government and local government departments, they could be made intelligible and less turgid gobble-degook. But despite Ministers of Education and Sir Ernest Gowers the journey towards excellence is slow. Perhaps a publisher can do more than a Premier to establish the truth of Mr. Macmillan's pronouncement. But a Premier could do something, and while Mr. Macmillan retains the latter role, I hope he will do what he can to lighten his responsibility when he returns to the former. The freedom of the Press is worth fighting for, in principle; but crimes are committed in its name with the printed word and that criminal underworld needs cleaning up. Freedom and licence are not the same thing.

Mr. Godber Gives an Undertaking.—When Mr. Champion (Soc., Derbyshire S.E.) came out in the House to champion humanity to dumb animals, Mr. Godber gave him a promise. He would remind farmers of the cruelty entailed in shooting deer with unsuitable weapons or ammunition and in failing to follow up wounded deer. He went further. He shocked the anti-hunting interests by agreeing that indiscriminate shooting might be more cruel than hunting. He would be quite certain if he were to attend a farmer's shoot in my county and observe one of these organised maiming expeditions enjoying their sport. He would hear the merry music when fifteen blunderbusses (rusty and mostly unlicensed) loosed off together into the backsides of a herd of fallow deer at 60 yards range with No. 12 shot, and he could be pretty certain that not one of the sportsmen altogether missed the target. He might then be convinced that that degree of accuracy involved unnecessary cruelty and he would perhaps decide that to "promise to remind" farmers was "not enough." Exported live cattle, too. Mr. Godber promised to look into the recent report of the Committee of Enquiry. It might be that it is "not enough" that veterinary officers should examine the victims to ensure that they are fit to endure the tortures of their journey to death.

A Slight Case of Indigestion.—They tell me that a miraculous transformation has suddenly taken place with Britain's star. It is all set to become once more, and quickly, a star of first magnitude. Do you, as I do, sometimes grow weary of the unchanging menu which has been served out to you by the Press as long as you can remember? It is usually on Sunday mornings that my own indigestion grows acute and I wonder whether I am not paying Ritz prices for daily meals as fly-blown, as stale, as unappetising as those served out in school sanatoriums in old days, blue viscous cod, hard-boiled blue potatoes, shrivelled prunes with a cake of dry rice pudding. The fare is unchanging and apparently unchangeable. Does your stomach sometimes revolt? Oh Lord, how long? The H-bomb and what the pundits say about it, bigger and better bombs, the exchanges on disarmament which die away like morning glories, the triumphs of Nasser and Makarios, and the wisecracks of Nehru, the State visits between the Powers, the Press conference reports, the nostrums for our welfare announced by politicians at rallies, the opportunity states, the strikes and the settlements, the new speed records in the air, the rumours of party splits, the columnists' gossip on the rich débutante and fainéant M.P., the snooping on Royalties, the same old literary teams discussing the same old authors, the same new, old political memoirs serialised, the same old vices, follies and extravagances publicised and sensationalised, the same old chestnuts served up as new. If ever you come across a surviving issue from 1956 or even 1946, save it until you have looked at its headlines, for it would do very well for to-morrow's issue. We thought the world wars had destroyed our "sense of permanence." Believe me, it has frozen it in a glacier. There *is* no new thing under the sun, no new idea, no new dish. Brains, heart and body, we are all frozen stiff in the glacier, and it moves imperceptibly downwards.

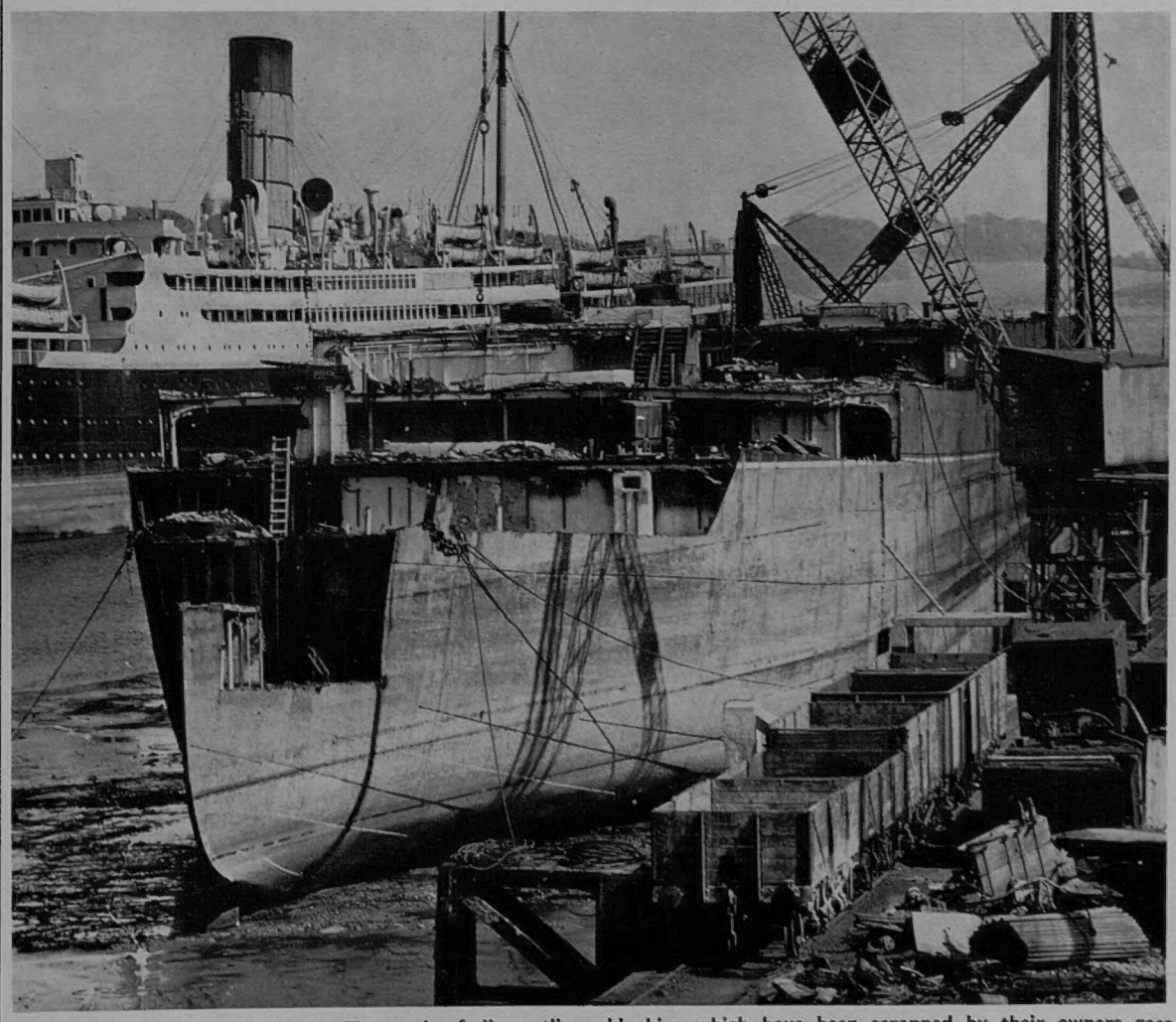
THE OLD STAGER

A GRAVEYARD FOR FAMOUS SHIPS

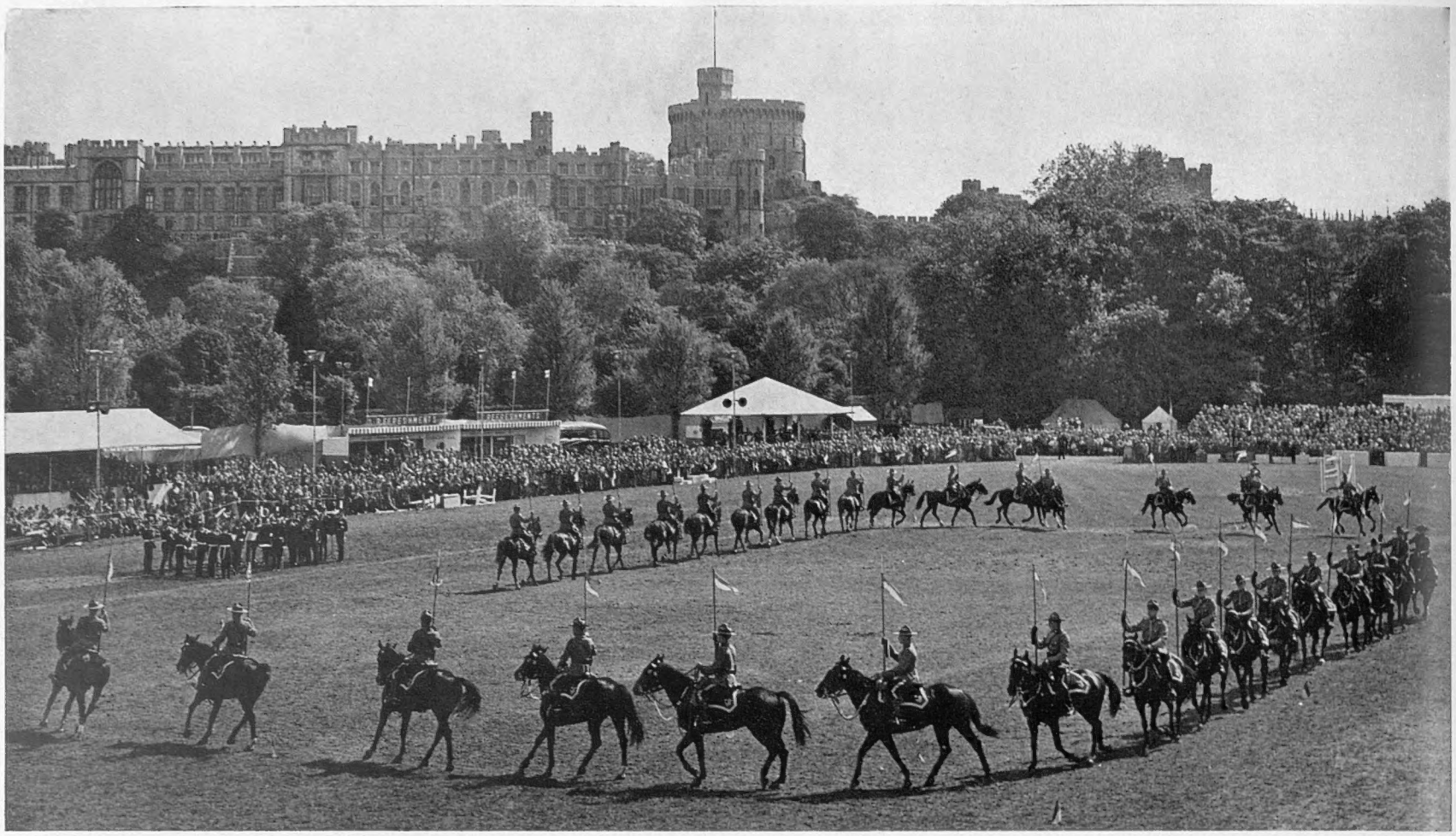
A SHIPBREAKING YARD AT INVERKEITHING, FIFE: This picture of Thomas W. Ward Ltd.'s yard was taken with a telescopic lens from the main railway line, and looks across the interior of the former Cunard liner *Samaria*, which appears to be floating immediately below the *Franconia*, another former Cunarder which awaits berthing after the channel has been dredged. These ships formerly carried about 900 passengers each.

Steel and iron, but steel in particular, are the essential spoils of the shipbreaker. The furnaces of Britain are always crying out for more scrap—for up to 60 per cent. of all "new" steel is composed of old steel in scrap form, and a great deal of this is provided by the shipbreaking yards. Many metals other than steel go into—and therefore out of—a ship. Lead and copper, for example, and, most precious of all, the white metal from which bearings are made. Everything in a ship, with perhaps the exception of the cement put in to strengthen a deck, has some sort of value.

The two ships seen in these pictures have distinguished pasts: the 19,848-ton *Samaria*, completed in 1922, and the 20,341-ton *Franconia*, finished in 1923, were well known on North Atlantic services both before and since the Second World War. The *Samaria* was only released from Government service and returned to the Cunard Company in 1948. The *Franconia* served as the headquarters and communications ship for Mr. Churchill and the British delegation to the Yalta Conference held in the Crimea in 1945. At that time she was the first British ship to pass through the Dardanelles for four years.



NEW WEALTH FROM OLD SHIPS: The work of dismantling old ships which have been scrapped by their owners goes on steadily in these yards at Inverkeithing, Fife. Shipbreaking is an important source of scrap for Britain's iron and steel industry and many famous vessels have met their end here. It has been said that breaking up a ship is a science, and selling its innumerable contents—from pots and pans to cork sound-proofing—an art.

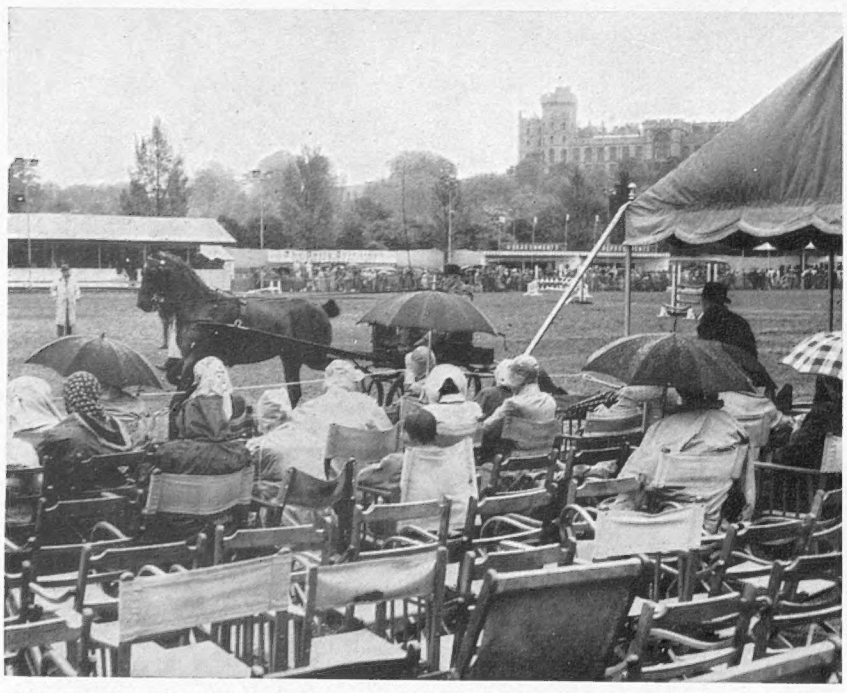


A SPLASH OF COLOUR FROM CANADA AT THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW: A detachment of thirty-two troopers from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, in their scarlet tunics and blue breeches, bring a touch of colour with their musical ride during a sunny spell at the three-day show held in the Home Park at Windsor. The "Mounties" are on a five-month goodwill visit to Britain. The Royal Windsor Horse Show was attended by the Queen with Princess Anne and Princess Margaret on the last day, and Her Majesty went to the evening session on the second day and presented the cup for the hack championship. On the opening day the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alice, were present.

HORSES AT WINDSOR

Sunshine and Showers at the Royal Windsor Horse Show

On right—
PRINCESS ANNE ENJOYS CHILDREN'S DAY: The Queen and her daughter went to the show on the last day, which is traditionally "children's day," with ponies on view. Her Majesty presented rosettes.

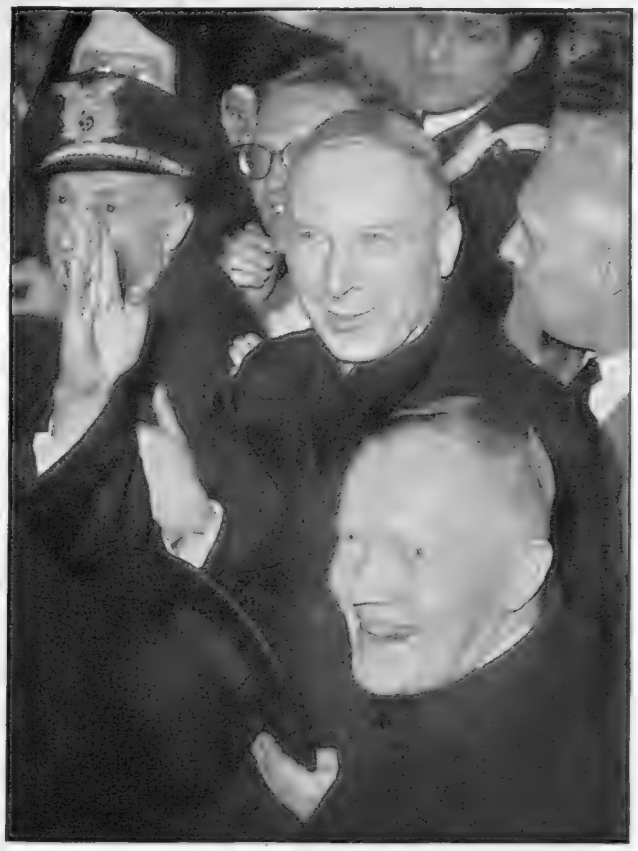


SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE: Macintoshes and umbrellas were much in evidence on the third day, though there were intervals of bright sunshine. Despite the weather, which improved in the afternoon, there was a large attendance and some excellent jumping.

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK QUEUES FOR TEA: The Duchess of Norfolk (with hand to her face) joined the crowd in a snack bar to get herself a cup of tea. Her daughter, Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard (booted and spurred on right), also queued for her tea.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

BOGOTA CROWDS CELEBRATE THE FALL OF A DICTATOR: A view of the Plaza in front of the Presidential Palace showing the crowd which had gathered to celebrate the fall of General Gustavo Rojas Pinilla. Later, thirty persons were crushed when the Plaza was cleared by troops. General Rojas was forced to turn the Colombian Government over to a five-man military junta although he had just been re-elected as President.



THE PRIMATE OF POLAND ARRIVES IN ROME: Cardinal Wyszynski acknowledges the welcome of the crowd which had gathered to greet him on his arrival to see the Pope. During his stay Cardinal Wyszynski is to receive the red hat and ring.

IN THE COLOMBIAN CAPITAL: A truck carrying a "quad" machine-gun and armed soldiers stand guard during the celebrations which marked the end of the dictatorship. General Rojas' resignation had followed anti-Government riots.

REFUGEES PROTEST IN CALCUTTA: A great crowd of refugees from Pakistan, take part in a protest march during a recent demonstration against their living conditions in a suburb. They are reported to have come previously from a camp at Bihar.

A MIXED RECEPTION FOR THE SOVIET PRESIDENT IN INDONESIA: *Left*—An Indonesian woman places a garland of flowers over the head of President Voroshilov on his arrival in Jakarta for a two-week State visit to Indonesia. Among the group of officials watching the ceremony is President Sukarno (wearing dark glasses) of Indonesia, who welcomed the Russian visitor at the airport. The crowd at the airport carried Russian and Indonesian flags. *Right*—An official appeals to demonstrators outside the Presidential Palace where a small group tore up pictures of the Russian President. President Sukarno made a tour of Russia last year.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

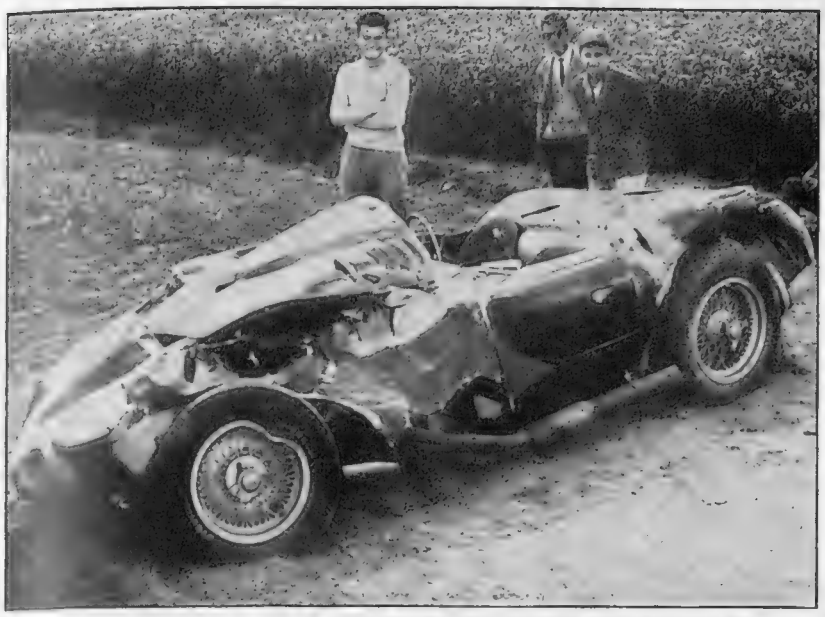
THE PRESIDENT OF SOUTH VIET NAM ADDRESSES CONGRESS: President Ngo Dinh Diem (at the microphone), on an official visit to the U.S., addresses a joint session of Congress in Washington. At the desk behind him are Vice-President Nixon (left) and Mr. Sam Rayburn, the Speaker. Congressmen are in the foreground facing the official reporters.

TWO PRESIDENTS MEET: A smiling President Eisenhower drives with President Ngo Dinh Diem after meeting the Viet Namese leader on his arrival at Washington National Airport. In the evening President Diem attended a State banquet, and before addressing Congress next day he lunched with Mr. Nixon and had talks with President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles. The Viet Namese leader lived in the U.S. in exile from 1951 to 1953. He is a Roman Catholic and is held in high esteem in the United States for the stern measures he took to stabilise South Viet Nam and for his tireless efforts in national reconstruction.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN CEREMONY AT LONDON AIRPORT: Mrs. Whitney, wife of the U.S. Ambassador; Lady Churchill and Mrs. W. S. Morrison, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons, are seen after naming three Super-Sabre jet aircraft, *Godspeed*, *Discovery*, and *Susan Constant*. The names are of the ships in which the first settlers sailed to Virginia 350 years ago. The aircraft later left London to take part in the Jamestown Festival. *On right*—Sir Roger Makins hands to the officer commanding the flight a case of James I coins.

"NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES TRIAL" IN MUNICH: Sepp Dietrich (left) and Michael Lippert are seen in the courtroom. The two men are charged with helping in the slaying of seven of Hitler's strongest political opponents, including the S.A. (Storm Troopers) Chief of Staff, Ernest Roehm, on June 30, 1934. Dietrich was released from the U.S. war crimes prison at Landsberg in October 1955 after serving nine years of a life sentence imposed for the killing of 142 unarmed American soldiers in December 1944. Michael Lippert, a former S.S. colonel, became Commandant of the notorious Dachau concentration camp. *On left*—The jury is sworn in by the presiding judge, Dr. Ludwig Graf, who has an assessor on each side of him. Standing in the box on the left are the two defendants.

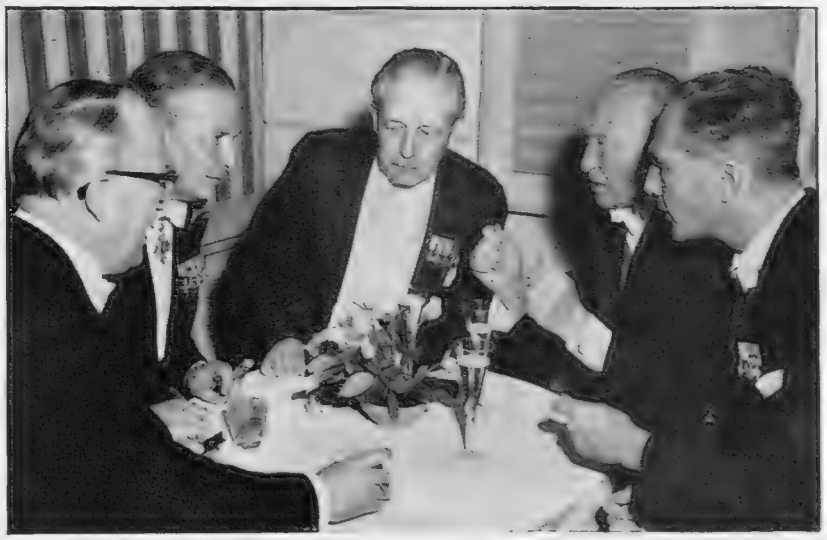
THE NEWS IN PICTURES



THE FIRST SERIOUS CASUALTY IN THIS YEAR'S MILLE MIGLIA: The 4.5-litre Maserati badly damaged at Tre Torne, near Modena, in practice before the start of the race was driven by J. Behra. He was taken to hospital with multiple injuries. Another casualty was Dutch driver, Josef Gottgens, who died after crashing into a tree.

ANOTHER MOTOR RACING DISASTER: The wreckage of the Marquis de Portago's Ferrari lies some 20 miles from the finish of the Mille Miglia. The car is understood to have burst a tyre between the villages of Goito and Guidizzolo last Sunday afternoon. It swerved, struck a post and finally crashed into spectators lining the other side of the road. By Monday it was known that at least ten of the spectators—five of them children—had died and several others were on the seriously injured list. The Marquis de Portago, who was driving, and his co-driver, Mr. E. G. Nelson, an American, were also killed. The Mille Miglia was the scene of another disastrous crash a year ago, when three drivers and three spectators were killed. The worst recent disaster was at Le Mans in June 1955, when eighty-three were killed and 100 injured during the 24-hour race.

THE RUMANIAN DIPLOMAT EXPELLED FROM BRITAIN ON HIS WAY HOME: Mr. Eugen Perianu, a former attaché at the Rumanian Legation in London, waits with his wife and children at Melsbroek Airport, near Brussels. He was on his way from London to Bucharest. Last week the British Government requested the departure of Mr. Perianu alleging that he had been bringing pressure to bear on Rumanian refugees to act as spies.



HIGH DIPLOMACY IN BONN: Dr. Adenauer has an attentive audience in Mr. Harold Macmillan, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Dr. Walter Hallstein (left), West German Under-Secretary of State, at a reception during the recent British visit to Bonn.

OPERA AT AN ENGLISH STATELY HOME: At Ingestre Hall, their Staffordshire home, Lord and Lady Shrewsbury flank Monica Sinclair (right) and Adele Leigh. Behind are Lady Charlotte Talbot and Mr. Anthony Lowther. Miss Sinclair and Miss Leigh were leading performers in the productions of two operas last week-end at Ingestre Hall, where Lord Shrewsbury has formed an opera centre. Purcell's *Dido and Æneas*, and Falla's *Master Peter's Puppet Show* were given in this Jacobean mansion. Mr. John Pritchard conducted a contingent of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra.

THE COURT OF CARTHAGE BROUGHT TO STAFFORDSHIRE: In the Great Hall at Ingestre Hall, Magda Laszlo (seated) was the Queen in *Dido and Æneas*. The decor for the chamber opera by Purcell was by Mr. Peter Rice and production by Mr. Anthony Besch. The other opera in the programme was Falla's *Master Peter's Puppet Show*.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

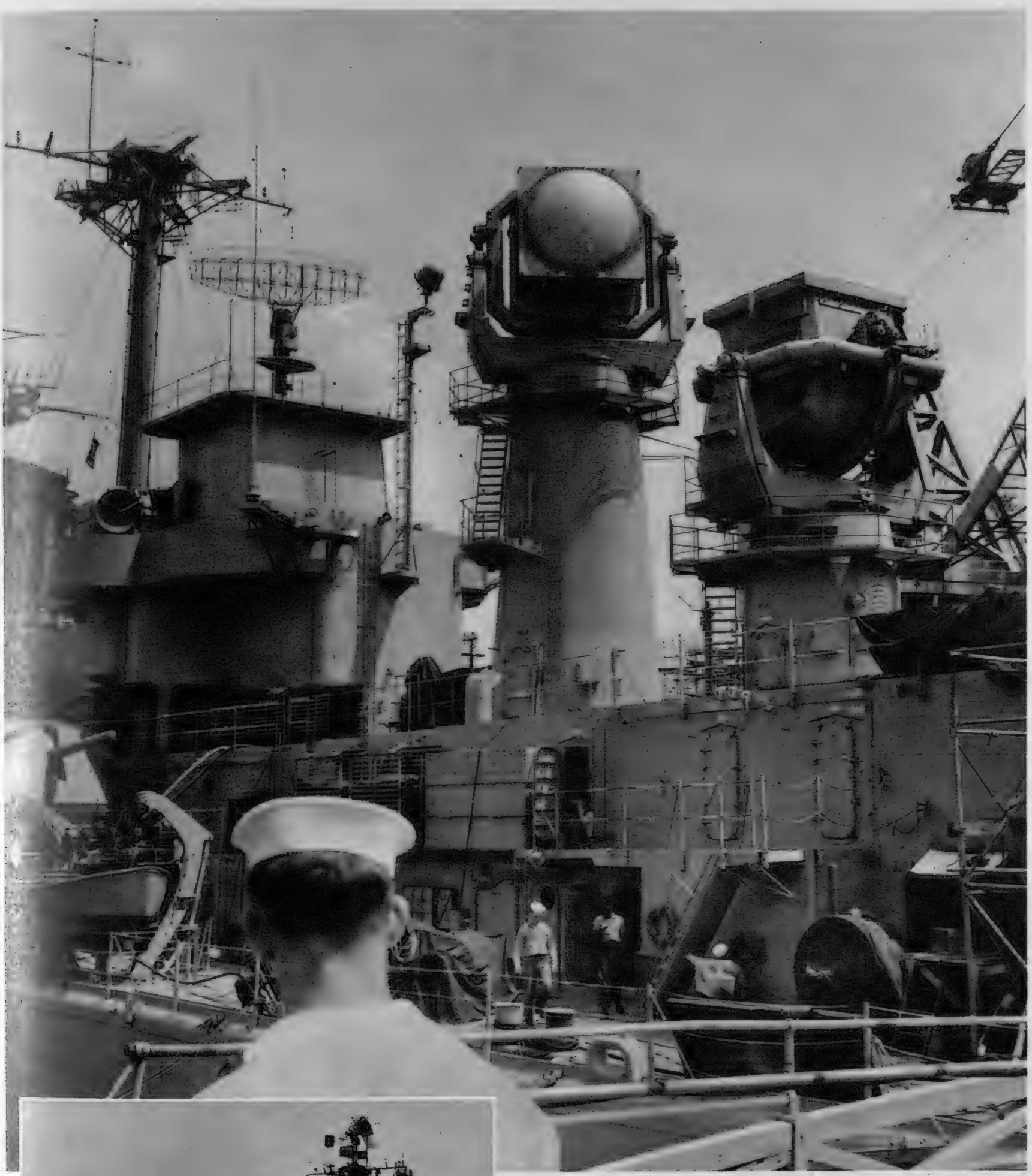
THE "CUTTY SARK" NEARLY RESTORED: The famous old clipper which is now permanently berthed at Greenwich near the National Maritime Museum, is to be opened to the public by Her Majesty the Queen on June 25. *Cutty Sark* recently had her newly-carved figurehead put into position. It is a replica of the original figurehead and is of the character Nannie—who, in Burns's "Tam o' Shanter," wore a cutty sark—or short dress.

THE "CUTTY SARK'S" FIGUREHEAD: Mr. Arthur Levison works on the figurehead, which he has carved from a block of white pine—a gift from Canada.

A BELOW-DECKS MUSEUM IN "CUTTY SARK": These figureheads from other sailing clippers will be on view to the public after the opening on June 25.

On right—

A NEW YOUTH HOSTEL FOR LONDON: Work has been started on the construction of a new building for the Youth Hostels Association adjoining the east wing of Holland House in Holland Park, West London. The accommodation, including some in Holland House, is for 200 beds. The architects for the scheme are Sir Hugh Casson and Mr. Neville Conder and the contractors Messrs. A.T. Rowley of Tottenham.



GIANT RADAR DEVICES ON A GUIDED MISSILE CRUISER: These turret-like antennæ resembling large searchlights are installed on the U.S.S. *Canberra* for guiding her Terrier ship-to-air guided missiles. The radar has been developed for the United States Navy by the Sperry Gyroscope Company of Great Neck, in the State of New York. The missile guidance systems on the *Canberra* have proved highly reliable for combating supersonic jet aircraft. Exceptional tenacity and stability is said to be obtained from the radar-controlled supersonic Terrier missiles—whether fired singly or in salvoes—at individual or multiple attackers. The guidance systems combine many automatic radar functions in each unit. The missiles can be fired and controlled from a single launcher or a whole battery. Two radar units can work together on one target or independently track different targets. The units not only guide missiles, but can also scan the air space for many miles beyond the horizon, providing an early warning.

On left—
TERRIER MISSILE BATTERIES ON THE U.S.S. "CANBERRA": This is the U.S. Navy's standard anti-aircraft missile. It is planned to have four ships thus equipped by 1959.

RADAR FOR GUIDING MISSILES

Complex Radar Keeps the United States Navy's Terrier Missiles on Target

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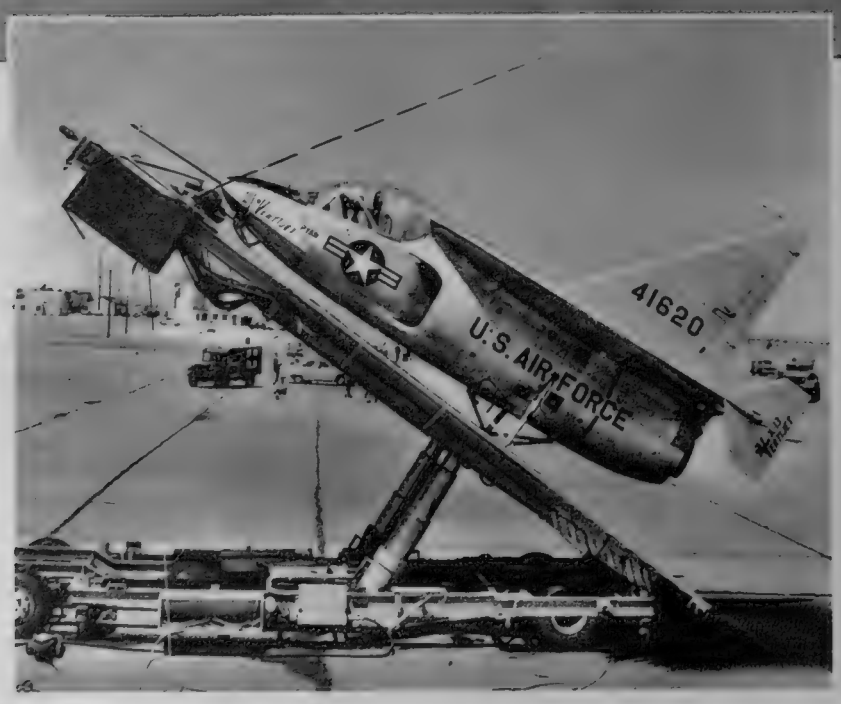

A TRULY VERTICAL TAKE-OFF: A Ryan X-13 Vertijet a few seconds after leaving its launcher at Edwards Air Force Base in California. *On left*—The V.T.O.L. is hydraulically raised to its take-off position.

STRAIGHT UP IN THE AIR

In America the Ryan Vertijet with a Rolls-Royce Engine has Completed a Full V.T.O.L. Sequence

The United States Air Force X-13 Vertijet, a jet-powered vertical take-off and landing research aircraft, accomplished its first complete flight sequence on April 11. These pictures, taken on that occasion, have just been released for publication. The X-13 was built by the Ryan Aeronautical Corporation of Lindbergh Field, San Diego, California, and it has been under test at the U.S.A.F. Test Centre at Edwards Air Force Base in California for the past eighteen months.

A hydraulic hoist lifts the X-13 into a vertical position for take-off, which is accomplished entirely by means of the exhaust gases from the aircraft's single Rolls-Royce Avon jet engine. Once in the air the Vertijet can convert to level flight; to land, it turns its nose up into the sky and comes down on its tail, the thrust of the jet easing it gently back on to its launcher.

The British-built Rolls-Royce Avon turbojet, which provides both vertical and forward power for the Vertijet, has a thrust of at least 9,500 lb. The engine is a special version of the Avon produced in this country for the Ryan Vertijet V.T.O.L.

THE VERTIJET CLIMBS STEEPLY: The aircraft depends solely upon thrust from its one Rolls-Royce Avon jet engine for both direct lift and forward flight.

IN LEVEL FLIGHT: The Vertijet circles round its launching-site soon after levelling out from a vertical take-off. The aircraft accomplished its first complete vertical take-off, level flight, and vertical landing sequence on April 11. This was the culmination of an eighteen-month flight test programme, which has been carried out in California.

A VERTICAL LANDING: The aircraft is already in a vertical position as it hovers to hook itself on to its ground launcher. The British jet V.T.O.L., the Short SC.1, has not yet flown. This aircraft will not take off and land with the pilot facing skywards, as in the Vertijet, but will obtain its lift from downward-facing Rolls-Royce R.B.108 jet engines. The SC.1 is fitted with five R.B. 108's and is a much larger and more complex machine than the Vertijet. The Rolls-Royce Avon fitted to the Vertijet has a thrust of 9,500 lb.

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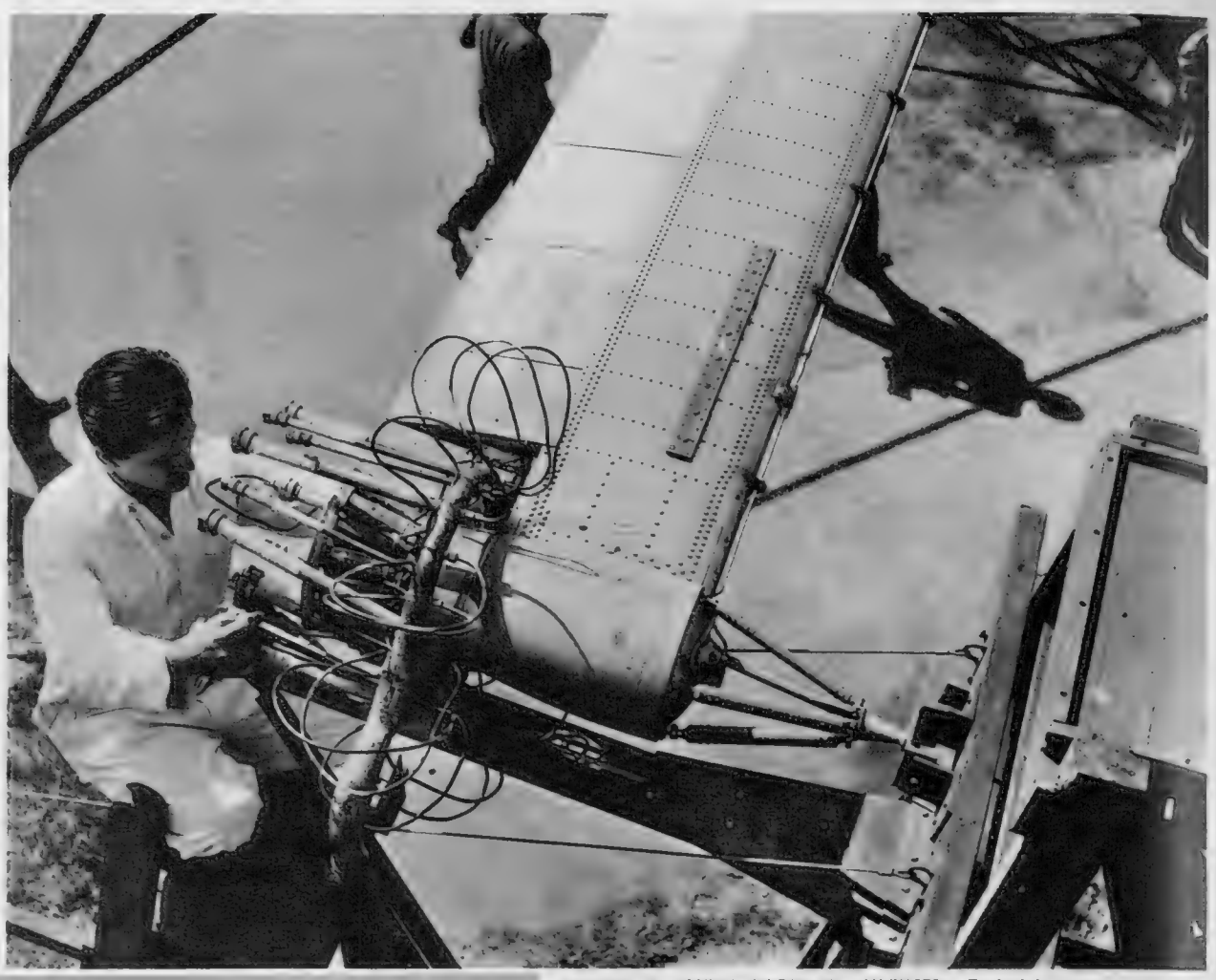
JETS FOR A GIANT HELICOPTER

A New System is Under Test for the Fairey Rotodyne

The Fairey Rotodyne helicopter is powered by a unique system in which the primary engine supplies compressed air to the rotor head, where it is fed out through the hollow rotor blades to the pressure jets at the tips. Fuel is injected and ignited and the resultant combustion provides the thrust which drives the rotor. Two types of pressure jet combustion chambers have been developed for Fairey jet rotors, and the type which will shortly be fitted to the Rotodyne has been well tried in a flying test-bed Jet-Gyrodyne helicopter. In this chamber, combustion takes place at right-angles to the blade, and thus the airflow has to be turned 90 degs. before fuel is injected and burning takes place. The most critical design feature of the combustion chamber is its liner—the shape and holing of which governs the burning efficiency, pressure and heat distribution along the chamber surface. This chamber will burn a wide range of fuels—kerosene, high-grade aviation spirit and ordinary petrol have all been successfully employed. The Fairey Rotodyne works as a pressure jet helicopter only during starting, landing or hovering. In forward flight the air and fuel supply to the rotor is cut off and the weight of the aircraft is borne partly by the freely-rotating rotor and partly by stub wings.



FITTING A FAIREY ROTODYNE SILENCER: Technician Kenneth Ellis adjusts the silencer on a Rotodyne tip-jet which is on a test-rig at White Waltham Airfield, near Maidenhead, Berks. Intensive research work has more recently been directed to finding features which reduce rather than suppress jet noise, and tests have been made in conjunction with the National Physical Laboratory. Nevertheless, silencers have already succeeded in reducing the noise of the jets to about one-tenth of that made by unsilenced units. Fairey's believe that they can reduce the level of noise still more before the Rotodyne goes into service.

THE ROTODYNE "SPINNING RIG" AT BOSCOMBE DOWN, HANTS: This mock-up at a Ministry of Supply research airfield has exactly the same rotor and engine layout, with the complete control, fuel, hydraulic and electrical systems found in the actual aircraft. Only one of the prop-jet engines is fitted.

MEASURING NOISE: A technician, wearing an elementary form of noise suppressor himself, records the noise output of a "silenced" tip-jet in the field reserved for this work at White Waltham, Berks.

THE CONFIGURATION OF BRITAIN'S BIGGEST HELICOPTER: The Rotodyne will be powered by two Napier Eland prop-jets and will be capable of carrying 44 passengers or 11,000 lb. of freight at cruising speeds in excess of 150 m.p.h. *On left*—A view of the nearly completed helicopter in a hangar on White Waltham Airfield.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: This view, taken from the old war-damaged building in the foreground, shows work in progress on the construction of the main superstructure of the new Cathedral. It stands at right-angles to the old Cathedral and runs from north to south, the site for the altar being situated at the geographically north end. On the left is the outline for the Chapel of Unity, which is intended for the use of the Free Churches as well as those of the Anglican Faith; in the centre is the nave with its zigzag-shaped walls, and on the right (opposite the Chapel of Unity) is the curved outline of the Baptistry. The whole of the exterior of the new Cathedral will be built of pink-grey sandstone, and the roof will be of concrete covered with copper. Inside the Cathedral the nave will be 270 ft. long and 80 ft. wide. The ceiling will take the form of an immense canopy or baldachino, made of very thin but very strong reinforced concrete, stretching over the entire length and width of chancel and nave, and supported on two rows of seven extremely slender columns on either side. The normal seating accommodation will be for 1,350 people, but on special occasions it will be increased to 2,000. John Laing and Son Ltd. are the contractors.

COVENTRY'S CATHEDRAL IS TAKING SHAPE

Work Progresses on the Base of the New Building

THE SPIRE OF THE OLD CATHEDRAL TOWERS ABOVE THE NEW BUILDING: The roof of the nave will be as high as the middle of the triple window half-way up the tower. *On right*—**A view of the shell of the old building which will be preserved. The Cathedral architect is Basil Spence.**

THE FASCINATION OF NEWTS

In the Month of May the Country Boy's—and Girl's—Fancy Turns to Newt-Catching

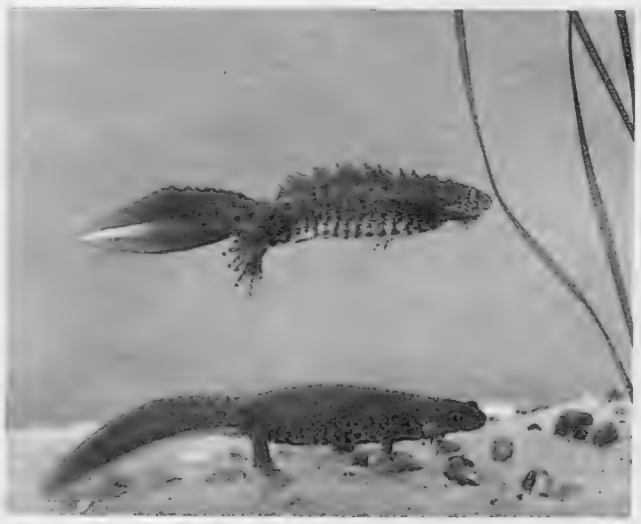
By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE other day I met Teddy Pearce on his way to the ponds. Teddy Pearce is ten years old. He was marching along on sturdy brown legs, looking very solemn and determined, and he was armed with a bucket, a couple of jam-jars and a shrimping net. All the sensible boys of the village—and all the sensible girls, too—will be by one of the ponds or down by the river whenever they have a moment to spare now. And they will all be armed with a queer assortment of jam-jars and tins, and most of them will have buckets as well—one or two of the professionals will have shrimping nets—relics of the last choir outing.

The sight of Teddy Pearce unkennelled the years. Once I, too, was ten years old. Once I, too, trudged down this very lane to the ponds with my bucket and a jam-jar or two and a shrimping net hoarded from the choir outing of the year before.

Our choir has, so to speak, two festivals of its own : the outing and the supper. The supper takes place after Christmas, but during turkey-time. The outing takes place in the summer. Ours is a small church and a small choir is all that is needed—indeed, all that there is room for—and, as a matter of fact, at Evensong during the summer the choir has on many occasions been reduced to one—the rector's daughter. But for the four or five Sundays immediately before Choir Supper and for the four or five Sundays immediately before Choir Outing the choir turns up in full force. And it is then very evident that we have a large and enthusiastic choir, and a very small local congregation indeed.

The outing consists, and, since the coming of the motor-car (before that we went to the Cathedral City or to a circus or a fair, if there should be one within reasonable distance for a horse-brake) always has consisted, of a visit to the seaside. In my youth a charabanc—they were sometimes called "cheery benches," do you remember?—or perhaps two, used to be hired from the town. (Nowadays they call them motor-coaches, which is much more refined.) But I like the old name better, and certainly there could be no better vehicle for a choir outing than a "cheery bench." And the choir—everybody who could claim any connection with the choir ; even distant connection by marriage was made to do on occasion—all piled in, and the course was set for Weymouth or Southsea or Bournemouth or Bognor (the place had no "Royal" reinforcement in those days), or whatever resort our elders had selected for us.



TWO TYPES OF NEWTS FROM ENGLISH PONDS : These pictures by W. S. Pitt are of male (top) and female great-crested newts, and in the tank *on the right* a pair of smooth newts, with the male of the species again swimming above the female.

A start was made about eight o'clock, I remember. And the outward journey was decorous, for everyone was in "best" and just a little shy. It was also fast, for one drove through an empty countryside, and everybody was eager to get there, so there were no stops. On the return journey nobody was in a hurry, and there were stops. One of these was always at a fish-and-chip shop ; the rest—and there were many—were at inns. And so the journey became less and less decorous, and the English more and more basic.

In any case, it is not easy to maintain decorum when you are wearing a paper hat and blowing a tin trumpet you won on the beach. And if you think all this vulgar and noisy—then I disagree with you violently. Noisy : yes, beyond a doubt, for the choir was always in good voice by this time (though they did not sing hymns), and there were trumpets and mouth-organs. But a motor-cycle makes a louder and less pleasant noise. But vulgar, no : decidedly no. Shakespeare would have been thoroughly at home on our choir outing. And I hope that there will always be an outing ; paper caps, trumpets, mouth-organs, short Anglo-Saxon words, and all.

The choir outing used always to bring back with it a variety of presents, and among these there would be a bucket or two (red or blue and stamped "A Present from Southsea," or whatever resort we had favoured that year) and a few shrimping nets. These shrimping nets—they cost threepence when I was a boy—were not designed for a long life. For that matter, I am not at all sure that they were designed to catch shrimps ; certainly they were no use at all in our river, nor in the ponds. Their owners knew this perfectly well—I never used mine, and I have never seen any of the village children using theirs—but they were always taken down to the water. They were then, and they are now, a sort of badge of office. If you had a shrimping net, even if it was all frame and hole and had no net at all, then you were a fisherman. It is the same to-day : if you have a shrimping net, you are a fisherman. But if you want to catch anything, you use your hands or a bucket or a jam-jar on a bit of string. Mostly you use your hands. That is, if you are after the big stuff, if you are after fish.

But this is not the place to enlarge upon the delights of tickling trout. And, in any case, Teddy Pearce, on this morning, was not after the big stuff. He was after efties. In case you do not know (but I feel sure that you do), efties are newts. We have all three sorts of newts in our ponds : the great-crested newt, the smooth newt and the palmate newt. They are known respectively as "warty efty," "evat," and "baby evat." Hereabouts, and by most countrymen, I dare say, the palmate newt is taken to be a small, smooth newt, even a baby one, perhaps, though they are, of course, distinct species.

There is a bit of a problem about their names, too. In general, all newts are efties. But one crested newt is a warty efty and one smooth newt is an evat.

Two crested newts, however, are not two warty efties ; they are just two efties : and two smooth newts are not two evats ; they are also two efties. On the other hand, two palmate newts are not two efties ; they are two baby evats : if you have three or more, however, then they also are efties. You have to keep your wits about you when you are talking about newts in my part of the world, for if you make a mistake the look of contempt you will receive from the young is crushing.

However, no matter what they are called—and they will have different names in different parts of the country—the thing to do is to catch them. And when you have caught them, you keep them in jam-jars, and look at the lovely colouring on the tummies of the males. They really are quite glorious in breeding-dress.

Teddy Pearce, walking to the ponds with his bucket and his jam-jars, is following tradition. Not just the tradition of this village, this part of the country, but an age-old country tradition. In summer, all over the country—even in these days of television and jet aircraft and rock 'n' roll—boys (and girls, too : but girls, I think, less commonly than of old) are catching newts. There would indeed be something very wrong with the world if they were not. I used to do it (as a matter of fact, I still do, most years) and I used to keep them in jam-jars. I used to have miller's thumbs and minnows and sticklebacks as well in jars, and in a big tin bath in the backyard. And once I had an aquarium : a lovely possession, only it leaked, which did not make me very popular with the household and was not very good for the fish.

Newts are interesting creatures, anyway (though I do not think that small boys are really aware of that at the height of the efty season), and they have most intriguing habits in the breeding season, the crested newt in particular. The male crested newt really does pay court to the female. He dances round her, weaving intricate patterns in the water, flashing his brilliant belly. He caresses her with his head. He pats her with his tail. And then, after he has done this for some time, he ejects one or two tiny, transparent (like gelatine) drops, which are shaped like inverted cones and which sink to the bottom. These cones are the germ-cases. The female then swims down and picks them up with the lips of her vent—and sometimes she catches one before it reaches the bottom—so that the eggs are fertilised in her body before being laid.

She takes a lot of trouble with her eggs, too. Frogs just splash them around anywhere—more than once I have seen frog spawn in a rain puddle in the road, which seems to me to indicate a criminal lack of interest in the future generation—but the crested newt lays each egg separately on a leaf of water-weed, and then carefully folds the leaf round it. And, if there is not a leaf available, she will carefully stick her egg on to a stone.

Crested newts' eggs take about twelve to thirteen days to hatch, and the larvæ when they appear look very like the adults, except that they have not got hind legs.

Smooth newts are not so careful and have not got such an elaborate courtship. There is nothing really like a dance, though there is a good deal of tail-smacking by the male of the female. When it comes to egg-laying, the female smooth newt is much more slapdash. She rarely bothers to fold a leaf round an egg : she is much more inclined to lay several together in the fork between the leaf and stem of a water-weed.

I have never seen the courtship of the palmate newt. It is scarce in my neighbourhood, occurring in only one pond (so far as I know) and that is a pond in which the water is never very clear. Incidentally, it is a pond in which crested newts never appear, although smooth newts are present every year. I have had plenty of palmate newts over the years, but none has lasted very long and not one has ever shown the least inclination to breed.

But nothing disturbs the crested newt. The male will continue his courtship quite happily in a bucket. If you get the adults at the right time (which is just about now) you should have no difficulty in watching the courtship dance, and if you do, you may perhaps come to the same conclusion as I have done—namely, that the dance follows a set pattern, that the steps are as ordered as those in an old-fashioned waltz. Or so I like to think. Except for the tail-smacking, it is certainly as dignified.

EN'S ORIGINAL DESIGNS ARE USED IN THE RESTORATION OF ST. PAUL'S: Screened from public view in the North Transept of St. Paul's, masons are carving 4-ton blocks of Portland stone, part of the vast scheme of restoration for London's Cathedral, begun two and a half years ago. The masons are using Wren's original designs, and the carvings will replace ornamental masonry damaged by two bombs which hit the Cathedral in October 1940 and some six months later. The second bomb went through the Transept roof, bringing down the saucer-domed ceiling. The 7-ft.-thick East Wall, which Wren built over a massive arch, was pushed some 6 ins. out of true. The arch and the wall opposite are also bulging outwards. One method used for straightening is the gradual tightening of anchored cables. This must be done before the saucer-dome and roof can be repaired. Over £530,000 has been donated or promised for the restoration of St. Paul's in response to the appeal launched in 1955, but more is needed for the difficult structural work and for maintenance and replacements. New stained-glass windows in the East end are being installed this summer, and it is expected that the High Altar and Apse Chapel will be completed by midsummer next year. The High Altar will be a memorial to the fallen of Commonwealth forces in two World Wars, the Chapel to Americans based in Britain who died.

RESTORING WREN BEAUTY

Repair Work Progresses at St. Paul's; Bow Bells' Steeple Rises

BOW BELLS CHURCH ACQUIRES A TEMPORARY "FUNNEL": The core of the new steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the City of London, presents a funnel-like appearance in the current stage of restoration. The cylinder is a support for the new spire to replace the old one which was pulled down. The tower of the steeple was left standing after the church had been completely gutted by bombing in 1941. The original steeple, 221 ft. high, was considered one of Wren's finest. The church was built in 1671-87 after the Great Fire. According to tradition, true Cockneys must be born within the sound of its bells.

ANCHORED CABLES TO STRAIGHTEN AN ARCH OF ST. PAUL'S: High above the floor, ten cables with screw links for gradual tightening are pinned to a bulging arch support of the shattered wall of the North Transept. Their other ends are secured to a massive girder.

THE NEW LOCK AT SHOREHAM-BY-SEA: It will greatly improve the facilities of the port in Sussex. Beyond it, on the right, is the old lock. In the left centre background the row of houses stands by the coast road running to Worthing. The new lock is 370 ft. in length.

On left—

THE BRIGHTON "B" POWER STATION: An extension to the buildings nears completion behind Shoreham New Lock. On the left the houses mark the coast road east to Brighton. The Central Electricity Authority has financed the £2,500,000 harbour enlargement at Shoreham so that colliers can bring in coal to the power station and ships of up to 4,500 tons will be able to dock.

ENLARGING SHOREHAM HARBOUR

Improvements to an Ancient Port in Sussex

On left—

DEEPENING AND WIDENING THE PORT: The dredger is working on the harbour channel which is protected by new breakwater arms and piers. The entrance, under construction, to the port will be about double the width of the old one. Shoreham, which has a long and distinguished history, lies at the mouth of the River Adur, which flows down through West Grinstead, Steyning and Bramber and below the grounds of Lancing College.

CONSTRUCTION WHICH WILL BRING ADDED PROSPERITY TO AN ALREADY FLOURISHING PORT: The view is from a roof of the Brighton "B" Power Station extension. In the waterway lie the new lock (on the left) and the old. Beyond, the coastline curves in the left background to Worthing, and in the right background rise the South Downs. Apart from supplying the power station, the enlargement will bring increased trade to the port, which has been flourishing for some years.

Shoreham, in Sussex, as its name implies, is of Saxon origin. Such is its antiquity that by the time of the early Normans, New Shoreham had been founded. The reason was that at the end of the eleventh century the harbour of Old Shoreham had been silted-up, and the village had already begun its retreat inland. To-day it is a mile from the shore. Many are the famous names associated throughout eight centuries with the port of New Shoreham. The most notable of all is perhaps King Charles II, who escaped from there in Captain Tettersell's brig to France in 1651 after his adventures in an oak-apple tree and other hiding-places.

But though the past means much to Shoreham, the present and the future are of equal importance. Travellers along the coast road and railway between Brighton and Worthing have for long been familiar with the harbour and its works. Now Shoreham port is being enlarged to keep it abreast of the times.

By the harbour, the Central Electricity Authority has recently built the Brighton "B" Power Station, and extensions are still being made to its massive structure. It was found that it was not possible to bring colliers of size right alongside it. So the C.E.A. financed the harbour enlargement. As a result, the port entrance is being widened, the channel deepened and a new lock has been constructed. This means that Brighton "B" will have no problems about its supply of basic raw material.

Last year trade at Shoreham, which does not by any means depend on the electricity station, amounted to the record total of 1,773,000 tons of cargo loaded or unloaded, compared with 900,000 tons in 1939. This increased traffic has enabled the authorities to reduce vessel and cargo dues by 6¼ per cent.

With the larger facilities, the future should be even more prosperous. Hitherto berths have been available only for ships of up to 1,500 tons. Now 4,500-tonners will be able to use the harbour and smaller vessels will be able to enter and sail over a greater tidal range. Swinburne once wrote of Shoreham as being "crowned with the grace of years." Because of its long history, the description is just—up to a point. Shoreham does not live in days that are over. It looks to the future.

A NECESSARY OPERATION AT AN ENTRANCE TO THE LOCK: A diver comes up after lifting mud from the lock structure by means of pneumatic dredging apparatus. Thus the recess for a gate of the new lock is kept clear.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE SWISS GUARDS

The Swearing-in of Recruits at a Ceremony in the Vatican

The Swiss Guards, whose uniforms were reputedly designed by Michelangelo, are a distinguished part of the splendours of the Vatican. In a sense their presence is a reminder that the Pope is a temporal as well as a spiritual ruler. In the past they were often called upon to defend His Holiness in the many bitter wars in which the Papacy became involved. To-day, when Vatican temporal policy has long been based upon neutrality, they are mainly concerned with police duties and ceremonial. The annual swearing-in of new recruits is a reminder of the Swiss Guards' four-and-a-half centuries of unbroken loyalty. (The 450th anniversary of their foundation was celebrated last year.) Each new member, who must be of Swiss nationality, places one hand on the flag of the Guard and, with the other, points three fingers upwards. In reply to the oath read in French or in German, he replies: "I swear to observe loyally and in good faith all that in this moment has been read to me, thus help me God and all His saints."

INSPECTION BY PAPAL OFFICIALS: The Swiss Guards are inspected by Monsignor Carlo Grano (centre), Sub-Secretary of State for the Vatican, and Monsignor Paolo Maria Krieg, the Chaplain to the Swiss Guards, before the swearing-in ceremony.

THE OATH OF SERVICE: A recruit to the Swiss Guard takes the oath of service in the courtyard of the Belvedere, in the Vatican City. According to tradition, he holds the flag of the Guard with his left hand and holds up his right arm with three fingers of the hand pointing upwards. Last week twenty-eight new recruits were sworn-in into the famous Papal Guard during the annual ceremony in Rome. As on previous occasions a great crowd of visitors witnessed the initiation.

On left—

IN UNIFORMS DESIGNED BY MICHELANGELO: Two recruits set out to prepare for their swearing-in ceremony. Their slashed jerkins and bright helmets are reputed to have been designed by one of the greatest artists ever to work in the Vatican.

IN FULL DRESS: Recruits help each other to don their breastplates. *On left*—In the splendour of their full uniform and carrying their pikes, the Swiss Guards march out to the parade ground on a courtyard of the Belvedere in the Vatican.

MODERN ISRAEL'S NINTH BIRTHDAY

Her Armed Forces in the Anniversary Parade

WOMEN CADETS IN ISRAEL'S NINTH ANNIVERSARY PARADE: A smart contingent of the Women's Officers' Training Corps, armed with sub-machine guns, pass the saluting-base during the military parade in Tel Aviv to mark the ninth anniversary of Israel's birth as a modern independent State. The parade was watched by 500,000 people. The pavements along the five-mile route, and the windows of the buildings, were packed with spectators. Many in the streets had assembled the previous evening and spent the night there in order to be sure of a place. Material captured from the Egyptians in the recent Sinai campaign was a prominent feature of the parade. It included Russian tanks, troop-carriers, self-propelled guns and vehicles of Czechoslovakian make. Israeli aircraft, among them French Mystère fighters and British Meteors, flew overhead past the saluting-base.

Below—

MARCH-PAST OF THE PARA-TROOPERS: A tough-looking contingent of Israeli paratroopers swing past a stand flanking the saluting-base in Tel Aviv during the parade.

A [illegible]VAL CONTINGENT PASSES THE SALUTING-BASE: General Dayan, Israel's Chief of Staff, is at the salute. Beside him are white-shirted Mr. Ben-Gurion and President Ben-Zvi. The seven-branched candlestick before the dais is the State emblem.

CAPTURED RUSSIAN TANKS IN THE PROCESSION: Military vehicles, captured from the Egyptians, including Russian-built tanks in the foreground. The vehicles have been repainted with Israeli Army markings. *Left*—A general view of the procession passing pavements and buildings thronged with spectators.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND REVISITED

Juan Fernandez, in the Remote Pacific, West of Valparaiso

THE ONLY LANDING-PLACE IN "ROBINSON CRUSOE" ISLAND: The schooner lies by Mas-a-tierra, in the Juan Fernandez islands of the Pacific. There Alexander Selkirk, the original for "Robinson Crusoe," was cast away in September 1704.

The Juan Fernandez Islands, which lie in the Pacific Ocean about 360 miles west of Valparaiso, are remarkable for the fact that the group has associations with two immortal pieces of English literature. Just over 250 years ago—in September 1704—an English ship, *Cinque Ports*, put into Mas-a-tierra, one of the three Juan Fernandez Islands. The vessel had been engaged in Captain Dampier's expedition to the South Seas the previous year.

The captain of *Cinque Ports* was Thomas Stradling, and her sailing-master, or navigator, a quarrelsome Scot from Largo, in Fifeshire, named Alexander Selkirk. The latter had just had a violent difference of opinion with his superior officer. When a ship's boat brought off two men who had been accidentally left on the Juan Fernandez island some months before, Selkirk indulged in an absurd gesture of bravado. He demanded to be put ashore and left on Mas-a-tierra.

Almost at once he realised the stupidity of his action, but Captain Stradling refused to take him back. So Selkirk began a solitary existence which lasted over four years—until the beginning of 1709. Then he was picked up by a ship in a new Dampier expedition, *The Duke*, commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers.

Within a few years Selkirk became an international celebrity. He himself published his experiences in a pamphlet, and more lengthy accounts were given in other books, notably Captain Woodes Rogers' *A Cruising Voyage Round the World*. It was almost certainly from the Captain's work that Daniel Defoe derived the idea for *Robinson Crusoe*.

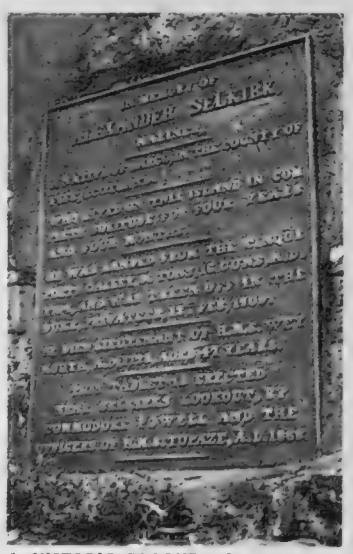
Strictly speaking, the connection between Selkirk and Crusoe is tenuous. Defoe's fictional mariner was shipwrecked not off the west coast of South America but off the east, "near the mouth of the great River Orinoco"; he spent eight and twenty years there; and, it will be recalled, he was at last "strangely delivered by pirates." Nevertheless, through the centuries the legend of Mas-a-tierra, as "Robinson Crusoe" Island, has become too firmly embedded in popular imagination to be disturbed by any fine shades of analytical criticism.

Even if Defoe had never written what has become one of the world's best-sellers, Alexander Selkirk would be assured of his considerable niche in English literature. Later in the eighteenth century his solitary adventures on the desert island inspired another man of genius, William Cowper, to write the stanzas which begin:

> I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute.

Well might the poet, contemplating Selkirk's four years alone on Mas-a-tierra, ask:

> O Solitude! Where are the charms
> That sages have seen in thy face?



A HISTORIC PLAQUE: It commemorates Selkirk's four-years stay on the island. He was a native of Largo, in Fifeshire, Scotland.

However, it is probably of Defoe rather than Cowper that one first thinks when Selkirk's name is mentioned.

In the ensuing two-and-a-half centuries the story of the Juan Fernandez Islands has been by no means uneventful. With the break-up of the Spanish Empire, the group passed to Chile. For some years a penal settlement was maintained on Mas-a-tierra. However, the island's chief merit was, surprisingly, medical. The group possesses luxuriant vegetation (Crusoe's "barren" island is entirely fictional) and sailors suffering from scurvy were often landed on Mas-a-tierra to recuperate.

At the start of the first World War, Juan Fernandez suddenly attained a world fame which threatened to vie with its "Robinson Crusoe" reputation. After the Battle of the Falkland Islands, the German light cruiser *Dresden* was pursued northwards and finally despatched by British warships off Mas-a-tierra. When the water is clear her hull can still be seen lying deep in the waters of the bay, and on the land is a cemetery of German sailors.

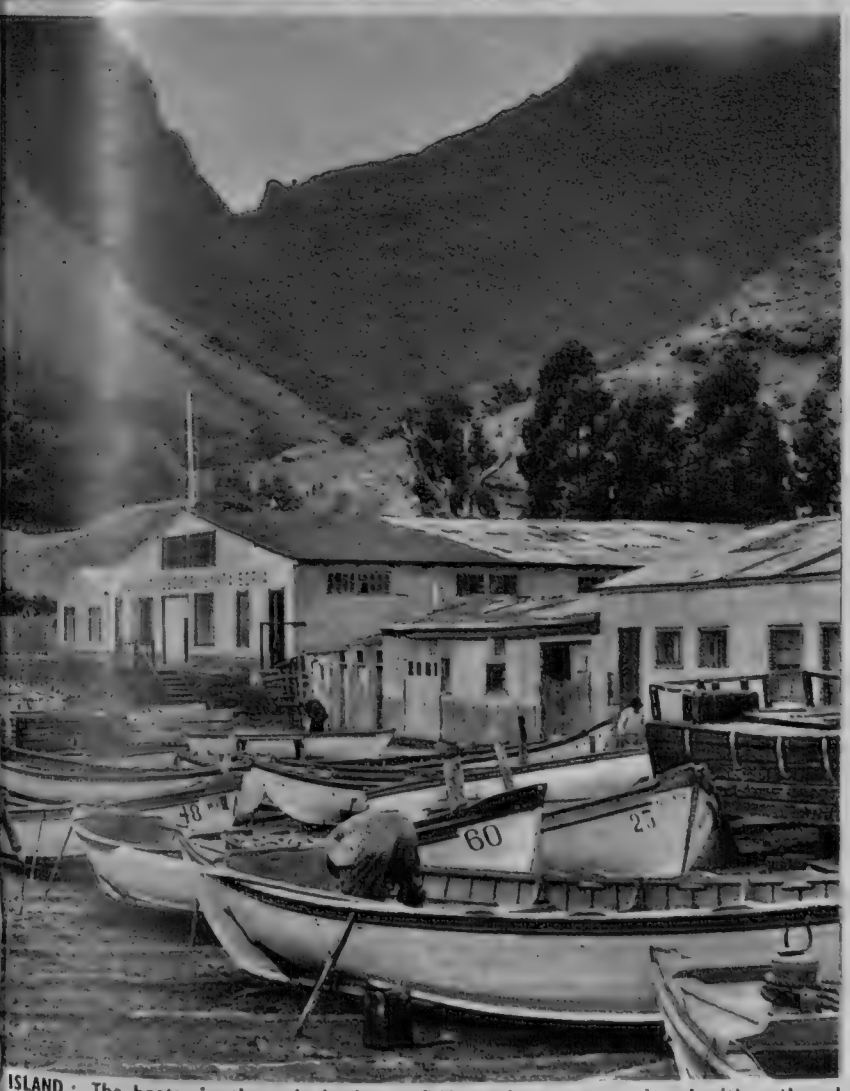
To-day the visitor who approaches the Juan Fernandez will find plenty to interest him besides the memories of Selkirk-Crusoe. Mas-a-tierra is the only one of the group to be inhabited. It has a population of 700, almost double the number of inhabitants ten years ago. The reason for this may be that the Chilean Government has established there radio and meteorological stations, and the bay is a base for seaplanes of the Chilean Air Force.

However, for most of the population the staple industry is fishing, and this is in a very flourishing state. An installation for drying fish has been erected to process cod and crayfish, and "Robinson Crusoe" lobsters, though large in size, are considered a great delicacy.

None the less, it is presumably the story of Alexander Selkirk which will attract most of the visitors' attention. Goats still run wild as they did at the start of the eighteenth century. Steep, narrow paths, along which the only possible transport is a local breed of sturdy pony, wind up to the summit of the highest point. Here at "Selkirk's Look-out" a plaque erected by the officers of a British warship, H.M.S. *Topaz*, in 1868, records details of that unfortunate mariner's fifty-two months of solitude. With his ghost, the visitor can share the experience of being monarch of all he surveys.

FISHING AND TOURISM ARE THE MAINSTAYS OF THE motors. The lobster-fishermen often make voyages *On right*—Visitors climb up the steep path which

LOCAL TRANSPORT : Sturdy ponies are the best means of transport along the steep tracks of "Robinson Crusoe" Island. Besides being employed by the inhabitants, the animals are used by the visitors who come to Mas-a-tierra to see the scene of Selkirk's adventures.



ISLAND : The boats, in the only harbour of Mas-a-tierra, are equipped with outboard of two or three days in these open craft to set and collect from their traps. leads to "Selkirk's Look-out," a vantage-point high up in the hills of the island.

SAILING FOR BEGINNERS

The Essentials of a Popular Sport can now be Learnt at Many Holiday Courses

By GABOR DENES

AT A SAILING SCHOOL WHICH OFFERS INTENSIVE TRAINING IN A SHORT TIME : Two pupils prepare to hoist sail on a craft at the sailing school at Newton Ferrers, near Plymouth, in Devonshire. Intensive courses of one week are given here. It is one of the many places in Britain which offer elementary training to the rapidly increasing number of enthusiasts for sailing.

ESSENTIAL PREPARATIONS IN HAMPSHIRE WATERS : Pupils Hayling Island. *Bluebottle*, the famous yacht owned available for pupils. The training course at Hayling

IN a remarkable way, sailing has captured the imagination of a large section of the public during recent years, and its popularity is on the increase with ever-growing momentum. It has always been regarded as one of the finest open-air pursuits by those who have had the opportunity to participate in it, but until lately the number of such people was very limited.

To-day, with the advent of many small boats and sailing dinghies which are within the means of the average person, it is no longer a sign of wealth to own a sailing vessel any more than it is to own a motor-car, or even a motor-cycle or a television set. Attention has been drawn to the joys and advantages of sailing as a pastime by three annual boat shows on a national scale. Many people who have never been on the water, except in passenger steamers, now find the idea of sailing appeals to them and are anxious to transform themselves into practical sailors.

A HOLIDAY WITH A PURPOSE : The skipper of a craft of Blue Water Charters, where many novices learn to sail at Salcombe, instructs a pupil in navigation off the coast of Devon. This organisation is one of two which cater for those who wish to learn to sail on their holidays.

Most want to learn to sail before they buy a boat of their own, and only very few are fortunate enough to acquire their initial experience with the help of boat-owning friends. A great deal of knowledge can be gained from reading some of the excellent books of instruction available, or by attending lecture courses on seamanship and navigation given by some organisations—such as the Little Ship Club—during the winter months. But not everyone has the time or the perseverance, nor is knowledge acquired from books or lectures sufficient or complete enough. Only by practical experience in handling a sailing-boat can any degree of proficiency be expected. Doing this on one's own in a hired or borrowed boat can be very hard going, and certainly not the quickest and most efficient way of learning.

It is obvious that a great demand exists for practical training facilities under expert tuition and guidance. In sailing, as in so many other sports, one will never cease to learn by more experience, but the bare rudiments can be assimilated in a short time under suitable circumstances. Many facilities exist to-day for sailing courses lasting a week or more, and most of the sailing schools will undertake to teach a beginner how to handle a simple sailing-boat, such as a sailing dinghy, in a week. Other courses are available for more advanced pupils in which they can gain greater efficiency, experience in the handling of larger craft, and simple, coastwise navigation.

The Central Council of Physical Recreation runs sailing holidays throughout the season in many parts of the country, including Bisham Abbey (on the Thames), one of its national recreation centres : at Hayling Island, based on the Hayling Island Sailing Club ; at Burnham-on-Crouch, at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club ; at Botley, Hampshire, on the River Hamble ; and on Windermere, in the Lake District. These courses are open to men and women over seventeen years of age, who are absolute beginners in sailing but can swim at least 50 yards. Accommodation and board is included in the modest charges for tuition.

The demand for these courses, which have been held for the past few years, is great, and booking well in advance is necessary. The C.C.P.R. representatives in charge of each course are assisted by amateur yachtsmen as instructors, and most of the boats are lent by individuals or clubs. At Hayling Island, *Bluebottle*, the Dragon-class yacht owned by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, is one of the boats used for training, being lent for at least one week in each season.

In Scotland the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation have two main centres for sail training, both on the Clyde. One is at Hunter's Quay and one at Blairmore, on Loch Long. There is also a dinghy sailing centre on the Lake of Menteith, in Perthshire, and cruising holidays are run from the Clyde.

There are many other sailing schools scattered round the coasts. In the great majority of cases the schools only provide the tuition in their own craft by their instructors, while students have to find their own accommodation in nearby hotels. An exception in this respect is the Ariadne Sailing School at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, which is residential.

A PRELIMINARY FOR ANY SAILOR : A woman student is shown how to tie a bowline at the course organised by the C.C.P.R at Stalham, on the Norfolk Broads.

Students stay on board two houseboats, one for men and one for women, and meals are provided in a mess on board *Ariadne*, one of the houseboats. Tuition is given in a 3-tonner, in scows (a safe and handy 11 ft. 3 in. dinghy with one sail), and other sailing dinghies. Practical and theoretical teaching is fitted in according to the tides during the five working days of the week's course, while the week-end is left free for the students to do as they please. At the end they are expected to be able to manage a small sailing-boat in moderate weather.

Another sailing school within easy reach of Londoners is the Solent School of Yachting at Warsash, on the Hamble. In this case the school fleet consists of rowing dinghies, 18-ft. centre-board sailing-boats, 4- and 8-ton auxiliary yachts, a motor launch and a 41-ton motor cruiser. Students find their own accommodation in nearby inns and guest-houses.

get ready with their dinghies at the sailing club on by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, is sometimes Island is run by the Central Council of Physical Recreation.

RIGGING AND SETTING SAILS: Learners concentrate on their task at Blue Water Charters at Salcombe, in Devon. There is a wide choice of opportunities in Britain where those who wish to learn to sail can spend holidays and eventually progress from the elementary to advanced handling.

SETTING THE FORESAIL: A lesson in rigging a dinghy is given at Bisham Abbey, on the Thames, which is a National Recreation Centre of the C.C.P.R.

HANDLING A CRAFT UNDER SAIL: A dinghy manned from a Hayling Island course sails in Chichester Harbour. Now that sailing is greatly increasing in popularity, training facilities under expert tuition are much in demand. The rudiments of this sport can be learnt very quickly, and on many of the courses accommodation is provided at cheap rates.

Two courses are offered, each taking six full working days from Monday to Saturday. The "Elementary" course is for complete novices, and takes nothing for granted. The syllabus includes talks and demonstrations with models on basic boat-lore; practical work with a rowing dinghy afloat, followed by theory and practice of sailing a dinghy; work with ropes, knots, mooring, anchor work; and finally practical work on board a yacht, handling sails, steering on different points of sailing and the Rule of the Road at sea.

The other, more advanced course is designed for yachtsmen with some experience, such as owners of yachts, or those who have completed the "elementary" course. The syllabus covers the theory and practice of handling a yacht in all kinds of conditions of tide and weather, navigation with charts and instruments and passage-making by day and night. At the mouth of the Hamble River this school is ideally placed for providing training in the Solent under the most suitable conditions.

Many yacht and sailing clubs offer training facilities of sorts for beginners, especially children and young people, but the Island Cruising Club regards sail-training as one of its main objectives. Situated at Salcombe, Devonshire, in ideal sailing waters, it has a floating club-house and dinghy sailing headquarters, several yachts of varying tonnage and a fleet of sailing dinghies, including some racing types, such as 15-ft. Swordfish.

Members can sail in the yachts or dinghies, and those with little or no experience receive instruction. This instruction is free of charge and members only have to pay for their food and accommodation. They can either participate in the dinghy sailing in the sheltered estuary of Salcombe, or go cruising as members of the crew in one of the larger yachts owned by the Club. One of these, the 78-ton *Provident*, crewed by members, has taken part in the Torbay-Lisbon race of the Tall Ships in the under-100-tons class.

Another organisation at Salcombe, Blue Water Charters, offers similar sailing holidays, which also include accommodation and free instruction for novices. Sailing craft of varying sizes and types are available.

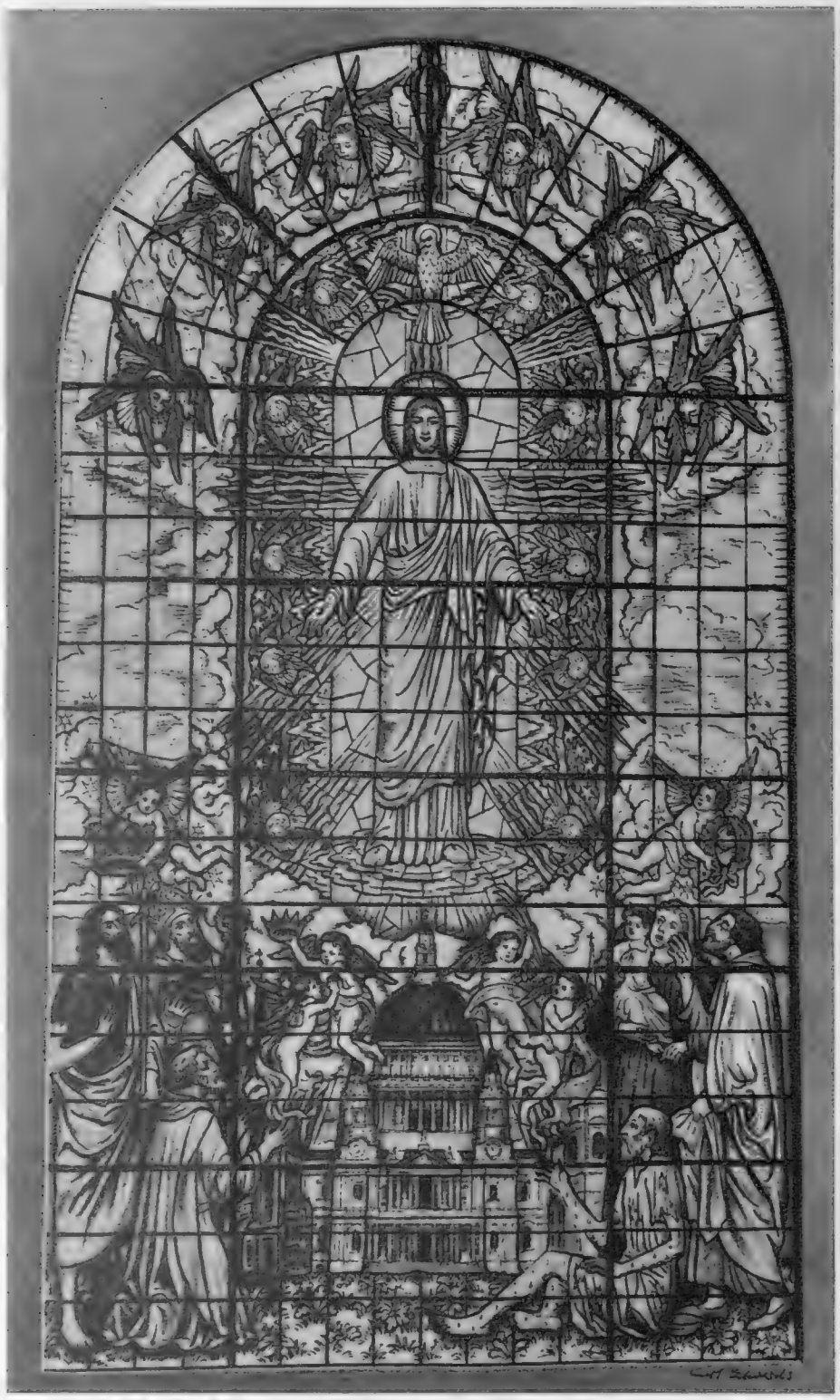
Further west, at Newton Ferrers Sailing School, where the Principal has learnt his seamanship in square-riggers, intensive courses of one week are given in a 7-ton cutter and in a 22-ft. sloop specially designed for training purposes, and many types of sailing dinghies. Here accommodation is not provided by the school, but it can easily be found locally.

There are many other schools, small or large, situated in several seaside and holiday areas. In some respects they each have their individual character and methods, but all of them offer in addition to their main purpose of training, a most pleasant form of holiday. For those who cannot spend their holiday in this agreeable fashion, but want to learn without personal tuition, there are many correspondence courses offered.

The choice is wide. No one should find it difficult to-day to achieve their ambition if it happens to be sailing. In fact, it is made a great deal easier for the newcomer than it was in the past, when it was usually learnt the hard way—by trial and error. But whichever way is selected for learning to sail, it is great fun.

STAINED GLASS FOR ST. CLEMENT DANES

The East Window is being made at a Studio in the City of London



THE DESIGN FOR THE NEW EAST WINDOW OF ST. CLEMENT DANES, WHICH IS BEING REBUILT AS THE CENTRAL CHURCH OF THE R.A.F. : It is by Carl Edwards, and the window, in stained glass, is being made in his studio at the Apothecaries' Hall in the City of London. Two smaller windows are also being made.

IN THE STAINED-GLASS STUDIO AT APOTHECARIES' HALL : Watched by Carl Edwards, Mr. E. Crouch is using a wheel-cutter to cut glass to the shapes on the "cutline." This is a tracing of the full-size drawing for the window and shows exactly each shape of glass which is required. Glass-cutting is a skilled operation because light sets up many optical illusions with regard to colour. For instance, a very pale green piece of glass will appear as snow-white when installed in a window at a height of 10 ft. Consequently, the selection of glass must be made with great care. All the glass which is being used in the east windows for St. Clement Danes is hand-made.

AT WORK ON THE REPRESENTATION OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : Mr. A. Burcombe is engaged in glass-painting. The easel is really a framed sheet of plate-glass to which are stuck, by beeswax, pieces of glass of the actual window being painted. This enables the painter to judge effects of light on the details he is painting.

On left—

THE "FIRING" : The pieces of painted glass are placed in the kiln for "firing" to make the details permanent.

Inside the reconstructed church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, which is to serve as the central church of the Royal Air Force, arrangements have been made for the inclusion of three stained-glass windows in the apsed sanctuary. The main east window over the altar will measure 15 ft. 7 ins. high by 8 ft. 7½ ins. wide, and this will be flanked on each side of the apse by two smaller ones. All three windows have been designed by Carl Edwards and they are now being made at his studio at the Apothecaries' Hall, in London, which stands on the site of the old Blackfriars Monastery.

Mr. Edwards' design for the main window has been inspired by the Te Deum, and it shows the risen and ascended Christ as Lord of Heaven and Earth. At the base is a representation of St. Paul's Cathedral. The window is expected to be finished in about six weeks' time. To simplify its erection at St. Clement Danes Church, where restoration work is well under way, it has been glazed into small panels which can be reassembled at the site. The other two smaller windows depict the Nativity and the Crucifixion.

Work on the main window was put in hand in 1955, when Mr. Edwards began the design which had to be submitted for approval. This had to carry all details of the armature, or iron work ; the general details of construction so that the completed window can withstand the stresses and strain of wind in inclement weather ; the types of glass to be used and how they were to be cut up, and also to give a guide to the craftsmen on the techniques to be used. When the design for the main window had been approved a full-size tracing was made to show the glass-cutter the shape of each section of glass required. The details of the window were then painted on the glass and made permanent in the kiln by the operation known as "firing." For this process the glass was bedded into trays of powdered plaster and placed in the kiln where they were brought to a high temperature for the pigment to fuse with the glass. Once the glass had been fired the next step was to have the window glazed and fitted into cames of lead in the panels. After final adjustments the window will be ready for despatch to the church.

NEARING THE END OF THE PROCESS IN THE STUDIO : The glazier, using a gas smouldering-iron to seal the joints, is fitting the pieces of glass into the cames of lead in one of the panels of the main window. The glazing stage follows the "firing."

DUNKIRK 1940 ON A SUSSEX BEACH IN 1957 : This is how the placid sea-front of Camber Sands, near Rye, looked last week when some 4,000 men of the 3rd Infantry Division re-enacted the British Army's epic evacuation for the film *Dunkirk*. *Above*—The retreating forces reach their last foothold in Europe. *Left*—Wading out to the "little ships." *Below*—Taking cover from attacking dive-bombers. Among the troops taking part in these scenes are men from the York and Lancaster Regiment, Royal Fusiliers, Gordon Highlanders, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Royal Army Service Corps, field ambulance units, and walkie-talkie and field telephone detachments from the Royal Corps of Signals. The troops were under the command of Brigadier Bernard Fergusson, who was with Wingate's Chindits in North Burma. Local civilians were "enlisted" as French, Dutch and Belgian soldiers. *Dunkirk* is being made by Sir Michael Balcon's Ealing Films. John Mills, as the film hero corporal, and Richard Attenborough are two of the principals.

DUNKIRK RE-CREATED

To-day's Army Helps to Film a 1940 Epic

THE MIDDLETON POINT-TO-POINT

The Climax to the Hunting Season in the North of England

By SYDNEY MOORHOUSE

FEW of our northern sporting "seasons" span so changing a period as that of point-to-point racing.

Early in March, with fox-hunting still in progress and the wintry landscape still predominating, I stood in the rain on the flat lands outside Chester to watch some of those horses, decreed by the laws of the game to have been "regularly and fairly hunted" in the last few months, become veritable steeplechasers at the meeting promoted by the Cheshire Forest Hunt. And, as the leaves began to cover the trees and another year's hunting became a memory, I continued my journeys round the various meetings until, last Saturday, with winter past and summer seemingly just round the corner, I joined those gathered on the edge of the Yorkshire Wolds at Whitwell-on-the-Hill for the North's final fixture, that of the Middleton and Middleton East Hunt.

This Middleton meeting, however, is more than just the close of the season. It is also the climax. There, the best horses, those that have been winning regularly throughout the weeks before, come together. From them we always hope to find one to emulate the feat of the 1952 Grand National winner, Teal, by going on to be first past the post at the greatest steeplechase of the calendar.

Some years ago, the organisers of this meeting decided to make their open race for the Lord Grimthorpe's Cup a nomination affair, and by limiting participation to horses that had been previously placed in either an open point-to-point or a hunter 'chase, they gave it a championship status. In 1954 they went a stage farther by increasing the distance from 3½ miles to the familiar 4 miles 3 furlongs 196 yards of the Grand National.

True, the fences are nothing like so terrifying as those at Aintree—indeed, they may seem almost Lilliputian in comparison—but, on the other hand, the course is not so flat as that on the outskirts of the great Lancashire city. The additional mile, too, puts the event on a different plane to the normal point-to-point event, and the Lord Grimthorpe's Cup event is rightly, regarded as the real stayers' championship.

It is, perhaps, fitting that Yorkshire, with its age-old connections with both horse-breeding and fox-hunting, should be the home of such a race. Although the Middleton Hunt (which in 1953 re-united with its offshoot, the Middleton East, to form the present Hunt) officially dates back to 1773, the hounds kept by Sir Thomas Gascoigne were operating in Yorkshire in the reign of Queen Anne. It is more than likely that, at a time when boundaries were not so rigidly adhered to, the hunt covered much of what is now Middleton and Middleton East territory.

To trace the histories of the Middleton and the "Adjacent Hunts," whose members contributed to what might be called the supporting programme to the Cup race itself, would be almost to trace the story of fox-hunting in the north—and an essential part of that of England. The Sinnington, whose boundary is to the north, is one of two packs putting forward a pretty good claim to being the lineal descendants of the pack of foxhounds founded by the notorious Duke of Buckingham about the year 1670; the Bramham Moor, away to the west, and with which the names of the Lascelles and Lane-Fox families are almost synonymous, goes back to a local pack operating in the early eighteenth century, and to the west, the Derwent and Staintondale, cover country near the Yorkshire coast that has been hunted for over a century and a half.

As for horse-breeding, did not Sir Tatton Sykes, whose one big mistake seems to have been to give away the mare Polly Agnes and so take a line which includes Ormonde and Sceptre away from the still famous Sledmere Stud, live but a few miles to the south-east? On the Yorkshire Wolds, too, is still held the oldest endowed horse-race in the world, the 400-year-old Kiplingcotes Derby—the 1957 winner of which, Mr. A. E. Robson's Shanagolden, competed, unsuccessfully, in the maiden race over the course at Whitwell-on-the-Hill last Saturday.

Such historic features are all part and parcel of the setting and the background of that impulse which on a Saturday, when the long spell of fine weather showed signs of breaking-down, caused thousands of folk to gather on the slopes which form a natural grandstand to the course. And although many of these had come primarily for the sake of watching the Lord Grimthorpe's Cup event, the spirit of the sport is so ingrained that they enjoyed the races that preceded it and followed it every bit as much.

The Adjacent Hunts' race opened the programme, and here we had ten horses facing the starter, each of which had been hunted with one or other of the packs covering the most historic fox-hunting country in the north-east The distance was that of the normal point-to-point event, viz., 3½ miles. The horses, sending great clouds of dust into the air as they galloped over a stretch of former plough, gave an idea of the nature of the going. The ground was iron-hard, so much so that peat had been placed on the landing side of the fences. But the dark clouds overhanging the Plain of York to the west suggested that some of the dryness would disappear before the meeting was over.

That first race resulted in a victory for the promoting Hunt when Major Guy Cunard brought Mrs. Duggleby's Calypso Mio first past the post. There are few more popular riders in the North than the Major, a man said to be as tough and hard as the course itself, and who rides point-to-pointers, hunter 'chasers, and steeplechasers under National Hunt Rules with equal success. This was the 205th point-to-point win of his career. Before the races were over he had added to his remarkable record.

The ladies came next, only four of them, but two of those four to give us the finest finish seen in the North this year. International show-jumper Angela Radcliffe, from the Hull district, riding Mr. B. Cleminson's Glorious Day, again qualified with the home Hunt, and Miss Joan Makin, also well known in show-jumping circles, and whose father had owned National champions, on her Baillie Knowe, from the Bramham Moor, fought it out yard by yard and in the end dead-heated at the post.

A DEAD-HEAT IN THE LADIES PLATE: Miss Joan Makin is led in on Baillie Knowe after dead-heating with Miss Angela Radcliffe in the Ladies Race at the Middleton point-to-point last Saturday. Miss G. Fields, who was third on Charioteer, is seen in the background

A GREAT CHALLENGE TROPHY: Lord Grimthorpe (left) presents his Grimthorpe Gold Cup to Mr. H. M. Ballard, whose Cash Account (ridden by Mr. W. Wynn), from the Albrighton Hunt, was winner of this important event.

WATCHING THE RACES: From the left are Major P. I. Pease, Major J. Shaw and Lord Irwin, M.F.H., at the course at Whitwell-on-the-Hill, in the Yorkshire Wolds. The meeting of the Middleton and Middleton East Hunt is the climax of the North of England hunting season.

THE MRS. ELLISON CHALLENGE CUP AND THE WICKHAM-BOYNTON MEMORIAL CUP: Dr. Milner, owner of Ruckland Lad, receives the cups from Lady Halifax.

AFTER HIS 206TH POINT-TO-POINT WIN: Major G. Cunard (right) after riding Denton to victory, with Mr. W. Morley (left), owner, and Mr. Denton, the breeder.

Then came the race of the day, the Lord Grimthorpe's Cup. Artist Peter Biegel, whose painting of the event was presented to the winner, took up his position by one of the fences to make his drawings. Fifteen horses, including Mr. L. Kirkby's Kenya Canna, from the Brockleby Hunt of Lincolnshire, that had been second in the Scottish Grand National three years ago, lined up to face the starter.

Good as the North Country horses are, however, it was the Midlanders who made all the early running. Mr. H. M. Ballard's Cash Account, from the Albrighton Hunt of the West Midlands and which was third a year ago, and Kenya Canna, battled it out over the first two miles. Always handy was Mr. R. W. Ratcliffe's Brown Sugar, qualified with the Pendle Forest and Craven Harriers who hunt hares about the Pennine dales, where hares have been hunted for 250 years. With little over a mile to go and the hard going telling its tale, Kenya Canna dropped out of the running and Brown Sugar took up the challenge. However, the Albrighton horse kept in the lead. He stayed there to the end to win by a couple of lengths from Brown Sugar. Casa's Image, owned and ridden by another good North Country amateur, Mr. Arthur Stephenson, was third.

Another Lord Grimthorpe's Cup race was over and no one could dispute the worthiness of Mr. Ballard to receive the gold cup which was offered for the first time. Although the threatened rain came before the meeting was over the crowds stayed on to watch Major Cunard ride yet another winner, and so bring his total of winning mounts up to 206—a fitting end to a great season.

A PARADE IN THE PADDOCK: Entries are led round before the Lord Grimthorpe Gold Cup. The number of onlookers indicates the popularity of this point-to-point meeting in Yorkshire.

TAKING THEIR FENCES: In the Ladies' Race Miss J. Kennedy on Haddon (foreground) leads Miss Makin on Baillie Knowe (left) and Miss Fields on Charioteer. *On left*—Leaders of the field in the Adjacent Hunts Race take the first fence.

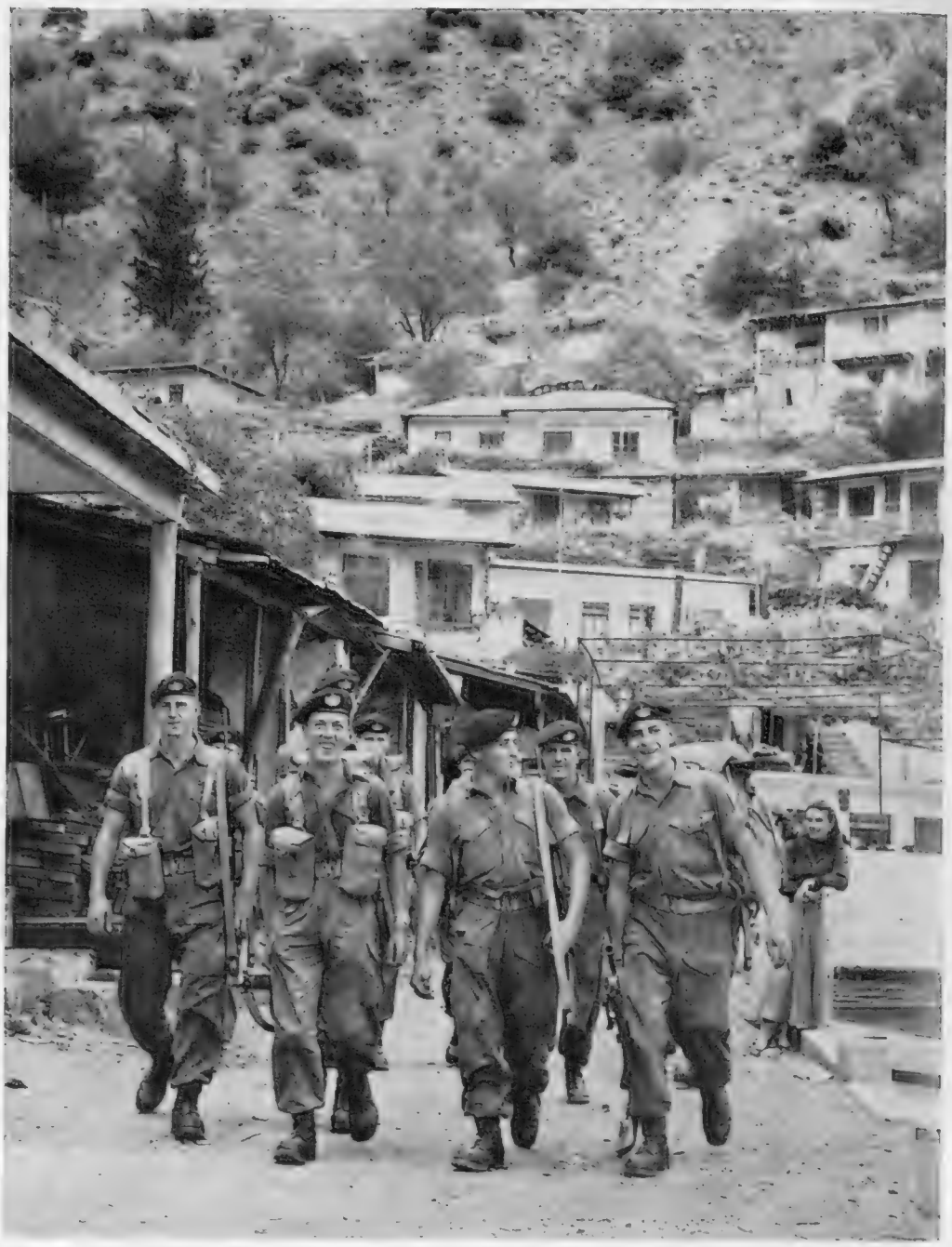
IN "THE GRAND NATIONAL" FOR POINT-TO-POINTERS: The field enters the course for the last time in the Grimthorpe Gold Cup. This race is run over a distance of 4 miles 3 furlongs and 196 yards (the distance of the Grand National at Aintree). It is a nomination race for mounts placed in either an open point-to-point or a hunter 'chase. The organisers of the race hope that outstanding amateur riders and horses may thus be found who can go on to win the greatest of all steeplechases.

Still Searching for Grivas

Although Peace Continues in Cyprus the Authorities are not Relaxing their Efforts

PEOPLE JUST FREED FROM A FIFTY-FOUR-DAY CURFEW: Groups of Greek Cypriot villagers watch men of the Gloucestershire Regiment leave Milikouri, in the Troodos area, on Friday of last week. The fifty-four-day curfew, which seems to have been in force for a varying number of hours each day, was imposed as part of an intensive search to find the terrorist leader Colonel George Grivas, who is believed to be at large in the district.

On right—
VILLAGE LIFE RETURNS TO NORMAL: A young inhabitant feeds her goats after the lifting of the curfew.



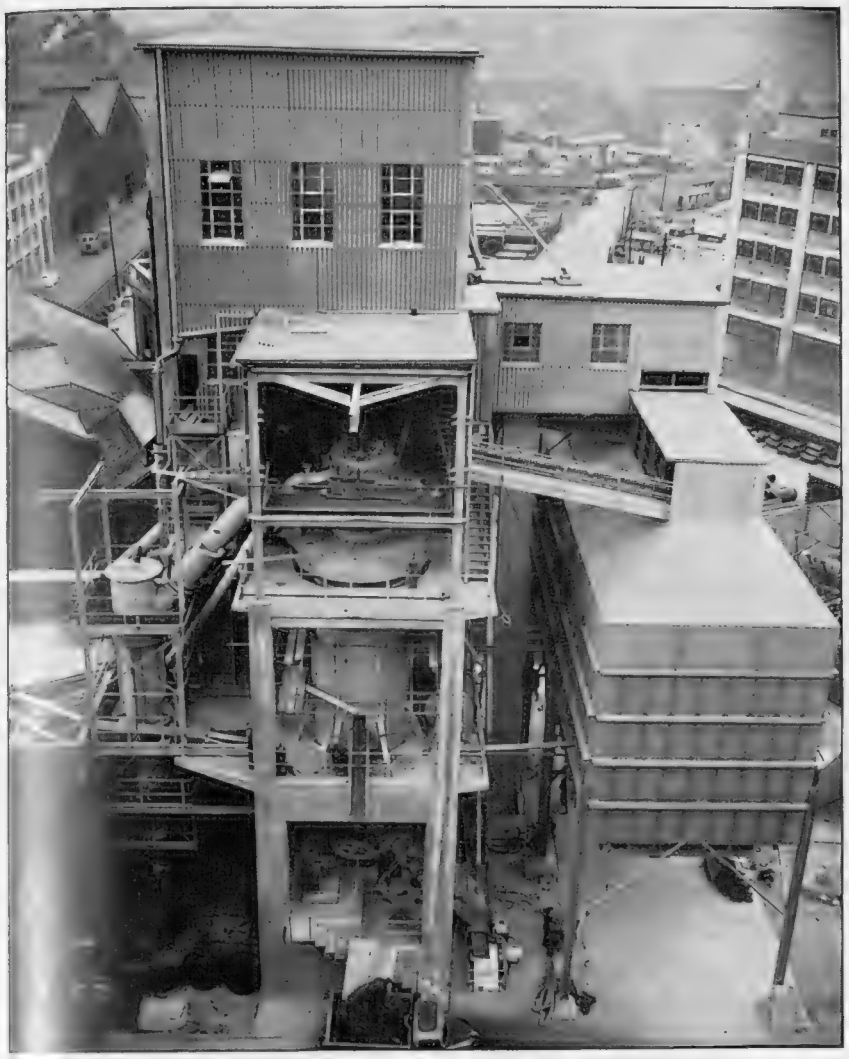
THE SOLDIERS DEPART: These men of the Gloucestershire Regiment seem glad to be leaving the village of Milikouri, in the Troodos area of Cyprus, after fifty-four days of searching there for terrorists. The inhabitants of another village, Engomi, recently appealed to the Governor to end the emergency and release all political internees. The Cyprus Government in reply stated that there could be no question of doing this "until the remaining terrorists are killed, arrested or quit the island and it is clear that there is no further danger of a renewal of terrorism." There have been no recent outbreaks of violence in Cyprus, but the prospects of a settlement appear to be as remote as ever—because of the uncompromising lines adopted by Archbishop Makarios and the Turkish Government and what would appear to be insubstantial efforts on the part of the British Government to bring the parties together. Dr. Kutchuk, the leader of the Turkish community, is now an advocate of partition—which the Greeks say is impractical.

THE VILLAGE OF MILIKOURI, IN THE TROODOS MOUNTAINS OF CYPRUS: This remote settlement, which seems to bask lazily in the Eastern Mediterranean sun, has just been released from fifty-four days of curfew. During this period life in most parts of the island has been closer to normal than at any time since the state of emergency began.

REPAIRING THE PHYSICAL DAMAGE: These soldiers have become bricklayers in order to repair the damage caused during the recent search for terrorists.

A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING

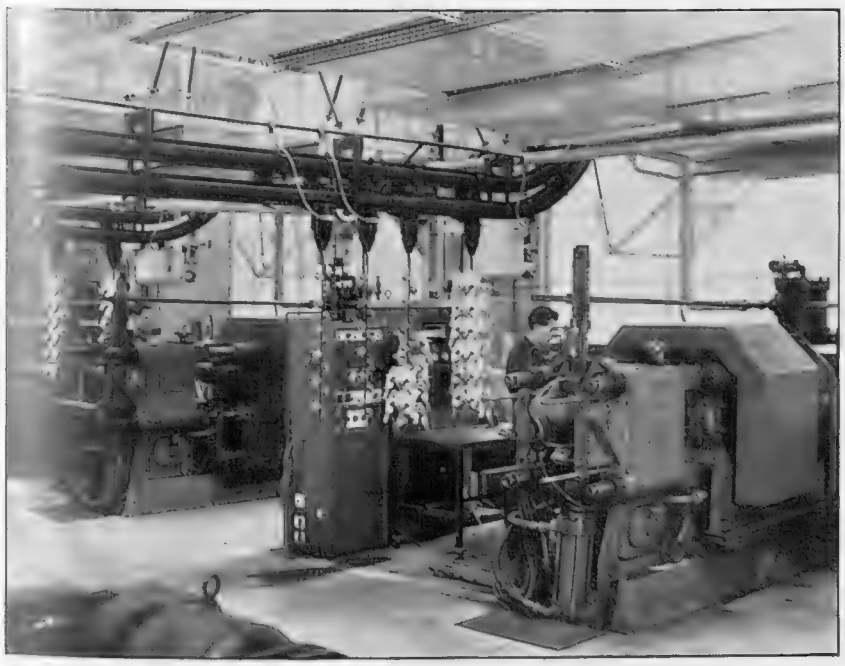


MAKING CONCRETE AGGREGATE FROM COAL ASH: *Left*—At a research plant near Battersea Power Station, in London, a new material for building, named "Terlite," is produced from fine waste ash. It is fed into a "pelletiser" in the topmost housing. Here it is rolled into pellets. These are conveyed into the 40-ft. kiln in the open-sided tower, where carbon and sulphur are removed. *Right*—The building "on stilts" contains three hoppers into which the graded pellets are fed.

POWER PLANT WASTE ASH MAKES NEW BUILDING MATERIAL

Disposal of residual ash from the pulverised coal used in power stations is a growing difficulty. Dumping-space has to be found, and getting rid of the ash is a costly operation—it can rise to £1 a ton in some localities, and the average cost over the whole country is about 5s. a ton for the disposal annually of some 4,000,000 tons. The new plant erected for the Cementation Company by Sinterlite Ltd. alongside Battersea Power Station turns the station's waste ash into nodules, or pellets, of a light-weight aggregate for concrete. It is named "Terlite" and has already proved successful in practical building operations.

The new plant was opened by the Minister of Power, Lord Mills, this month. It has been erected, after several years of experiment with a pilot plant, with the agreement of the Central Electricity Authority, which is bearing the cost of the fuel ash delivery system and of the exhaust gas system. There are two kilns in the plant, each with an annual production of about 50,000 tons. Only one is working at present. For the new material it is claimed that it is strong and that, being light, it goes further than traditional aggregates in making concrete, thus reducing the amount of costly load-bearing steel frames; that being free from harmful carbon and sulphur, it is inert; that it is a good insulator of heat and noise; that it can be nailed and sawn.



SPEED-UP IN METAL CASTING

Electronically-controlled continuous casting machines are linked to a conveyer system which carries the products to the finishing-line, in the new factory of the Wolverhampton Die Casting Company. The plant has one of the highest productivity outputs for its size in the world. Two of the Schultz die-casting machines with their electronic control cabinets are seen above. The machines are fed with molten metal through resistance-heated channels. Some of the cast metal products hang on the holding lines of the overhead conveyer in front of a control cabinet. When the holding lines are full, the conveyer takes the products to a moving belt finishing-line where the castings are trimmed. It is claimed that only twenty-four hours are required for the molten metal to be turned into finished castings. This compares with a week or ten days hitherto normal for this type of production. It is planned to increase annual output to 7,000,000 pressure die-castings

THE ELECTRIFICATION OF BRITISH RAILWAYS

A diesel-driven borer digs holes up to 10 ft. deep in under two minutes to take the steel masts which will carry the overhead conductor wires on the Mauldeth Road-Wilmslow section of the Manchester to Crewe line. The borer is carried on the first bogey of the construction train. Another portion of the train carries a crane and the steel masts, and a third section is loaded with the concrete-mixing plant. A mast is clamped into position in each hole and fixed with poured concrete. It takes about twelve minutes to erect a mast, and a mile alongside one line of track is covered in the daily operating period of six hours. The earth-boring unit and the concreting apparatus have been designed by the traction department of British Insulated Callender's Cable Construction Company in collaboration with the engineers of the British Transport Commission. The work is an early stage in the eventual electrification of the London-Birmingham-Crewe-Liverpool-Manchester main line.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

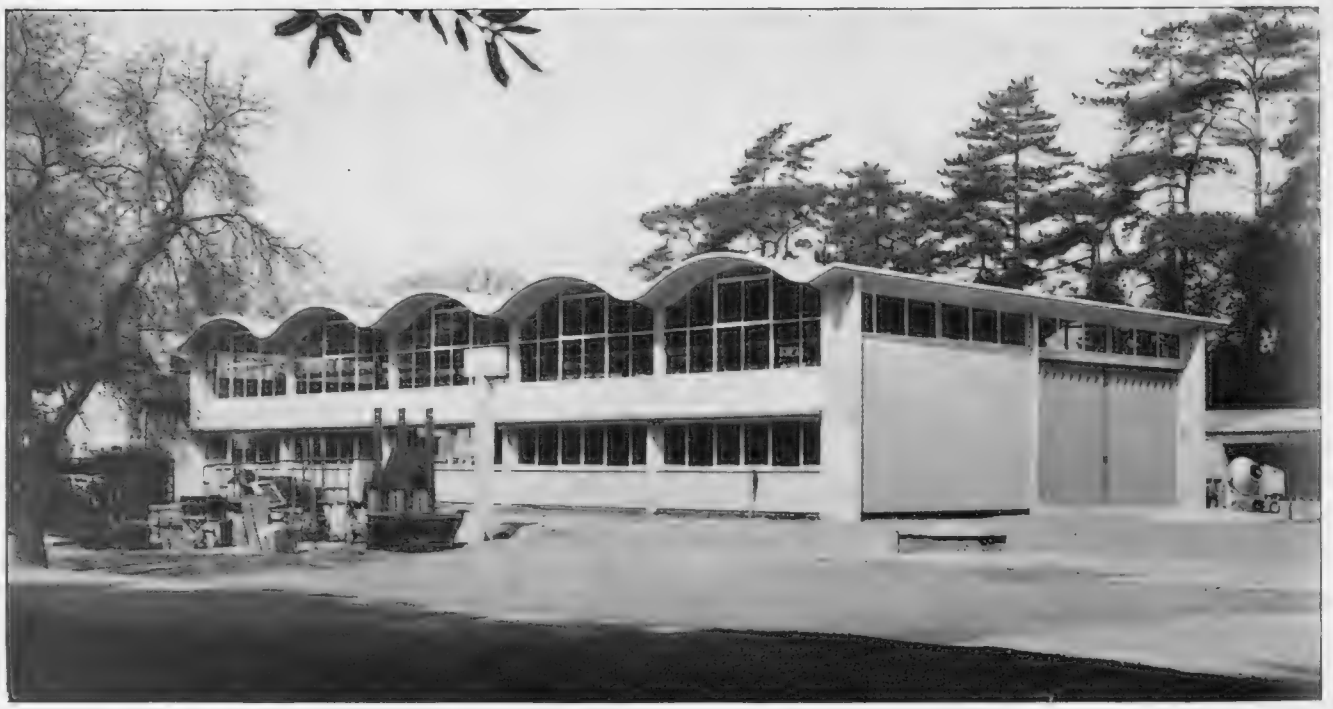
A NEW OFFICE BUILDING AT SHELL HAVEN

A new office building, costing £300,000, to house all the 300 administrative staff at Shell Haven refinery, Essex, has recently been completed. This additional accommodation has become necessary because of new construction programmes now under way. These include the expansion of the oil-refining facilities at a cost of over £6,500,000 and the continued development of chemical manufacturing, particularly in the field of nitrogen chemistry, at a cost of a further £6,500,000. The former office buildings, including the Refinery Manager's office, had been in use since 1920. Designed by Messrs. Howard V. Lobb and Partners and built by Messrs. John Laing and Son Ltd., the new premises have been erected with remarkable speed. Piling work for the foundations began in September 1955 and was completed in one month. Meanwhile, casting had begun on the site of the reinforced concrete H-frames which were lifted into position to form the main superstructure. The main building is 295 ft. long, 40 ft. wide and consists of three storeys with staircase towers at the front and the rear. External features include the use of blue-grey vitreous enamel panels, incorporating moisture barrier and heat insulation, and large areas of glass, comprised of double glazing units, to give the maximum possible amount of light on all floors.

On right—

CONCRETE TRAINING

This is the Works and Services building of the Cement and Concrete Association's recently-completed Research and Training Centre at Wexham Springs, near Slough, Bucks. Practical work and demonstrations on the training courses and also the construction of large-scale units required for testing in connection with the Association's research programme are carried out here. Practical work for the courses includes the testing of materials, making trial mixes, and making and testing full-scale structural members. The essential requirements for the new Works and Services building were unobstructed floor space and light, both of which are provided by the 100-ft.-long and 50-ft.-wide shell-roofed building. A clear height of 16 ft. allows for the accommodation of transportable lifting gear. The building was designed by the Cement and Concrete Association's Staff architect, W. R. Oram, A.R.I.B.A., and the consulting engineers were Ore Arup and Partners. The contractors were Holland, Hannen and Cubitts.



On left—

A DIESEL FOR MALAYA

The first of an order for twenty main-line 1,500 h.p. diesel-electric locomotives for the Malayan Railways was lifted aboard the S.S. *Alcinous* at Birkenhead recently on the first stage of its journey to Malaya. The locomotive was built at the Preston works of the English Electric Company and is intended for service on the main line connecting the great port of Singapore with the capital of Malaya—Kuala Lumpur. From there the line continues to Prai, which is opposite Penang, then northwards across the frontier into Siam and on to Bangkok. Restaurant and sleeping cars are provided between Prai and Bangkok on what is one of the outstanding rail traffic links in south-east Asia. Each locomotive weighs 96 tons and is rated to produce a maximum speed of 60 m.p.h. This is well above the present operating speed of 45 m.p.h. on the line and the locomotives are part of a Malayan Railways plan to speed up and improve main-line services. In 1948 Malayan Railways received from English Electric twenty diesel-electric shunting locomotives of 350 h.p. With these they have built up a good knowledge and experience of diesel-electric traction.

THE DOUNREAY ESTABLISHMENT WHICH IS BEING BUILT ON A FORMER NAVAL AIRFIELD ALONG THE WATERS OF THE PENTLAND FIRTH: In the centre is the enormous sphere to house the "fast breeder" reactor which will be the first in the world to use the new metal niobium. Nearby is the highly active liquor storage building where waste radioactive liquor from the chemical section is reduced in volume for storage. On the left is the main ventilating shaft of the chemical group section. Through this shaft will be extracted the bad air to ensure that no radioactive material is directed towards the workers in the plant.

NUCLEAR RESEARCH IN SCOTLAND

Progress on the Buildings at Dounreay, in Caithness

On left—

FROM THE SEA: This is the view of the establishment as seen from the Pentland Firth, on the northernmost tip of Scotland. The sea will supply the cooling water for the plant. The pump-house is situated on the foreshore behind a low rock barrier, and consists of a cellular reinforced building 60 ft. square and over 80 ft. high, housing a series of pumps capable of circulating some 50,000,000 gallons of water per day. This will be pumped to the Heat Exchanger building through a pair of 39-in.-diameter steel pipes where, after circulating through the sea-water heat exchangers and removing the surplus heat, it will be discharged out to sea again. A tunnel is being dug beneath the station to carry away slightly radioactive waste to the sea. It will emerge on the sea bed, but the small amount of waste will not affect marine life. Last week-end the establishment was inspected by the public. The consulting engineers at Dounreay are Sir William Halcrow and Partners, and the main contractors to the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority are Whatlings Ltd., of Glasgow. Over 600 contracts have been granted for the manufacture or supply of plant, equipment and other materials.

THE SOARING COST OF MOTORING

The Shock of the Increase in the Cost of Insurance; Petrol Prices and Other News of Rationing; Accident Figures; Shattered Windscreens; Speed Records and Motor Racing

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THAT was bad news from the insurance companies. We all expected the car premiums to go up. There had been warnings about it since before petrol rationing. But a jump of 33⅓ per cent.—6s. 8d. in the £—in the cost of comprehensive cover for modern cars shocked everybody.

It sent the cost of motoring—much too high already—soaring still further. Even making allowance for the congested state of Britain's roads, the rising cost and growing complication of car-body repairs and the accelerating accident rate, it seems fantastic that anyone who, by hook or by crook, owns an "S" Series Bentley will, after July 1, have to pay £91 a year for full cover.

That is in the London area, where even a Morris Minor will soon cost £28 a year to insure comprehensively, compared with £21 5s. at present. I personally found little consolation in a table published in the *Financial Times* showing that in Montreal it costs at least £117 a year to insure an Austin A.40 comprehensively; and that in New York City the premium is at least £140!

It is a fact, though, that motor insurance usually costs a lot more abroad than in the British Isles. The insurance companies point out that they had increased car premiums by only 50 per cent. since before the war, and that this increase is much less than the rise in the cost of new cars and car repairs.

Motorists could take the latest insurance rise a little more philosophically if they knew more about the underwriters' alleged losses on motor insurance in the domestic market; and if they could be convinced the garage people do the repair jobs as cheaply as possible.

At present the insurance companies lump together, in their accounts, the results of their home and overseas motor insurance business. We are told that in 1955 the tariff companies lost £1,800,000 under this joint heading, in a year when the income from premiums reached the enormous total of £125,000,000.

The Automobile Association hit the nail on the head when they declared that drivers with accident-free records get a raw deal. They want to see bigger no-claim bonuses. They think they are the best possible incentive to careful driving. "We urge the insurance companies to reconsider this aspect of the matter," said an A.A. spokesman.

The shock of the insurance rise was slightly cushioned for private motorists by the almost simultaneous news that the price of petrol at the pumps was being cut by another penny. This means the price of this liquid gold has been reduced by a total of 1s. 2d. since the Suez crisis developed. In other words, petrol still costs 4d. a gallon more than before rationing began, and I don't suppose we can expect any further cuts until rationing ends.

There are rumours that when all the surcharge has been taken off the price of petrol the cost will go up again almost immediately because the garage men will demand a permanent increase in their profit margin, which now stands at about 6d. a gallon.

They were asking for such a rise before rationing began. Negotiations between the Motor Agents' Association and the oil companies will doubtless be renewed as soon as the ration coupons are torn up.

The oil companies and the garage men must be careful they do not price themselves out of business as far as petrol is concerned. It's a fallacy to say that motorists will use their cars whatever the price of petrol. They'll use them, of course, but not so much; and the Government, in refusing to cut the wicked 2s. 6d. a gallon petrol tax, probably bear that fact in mind as they survey Britain's already overcrowded roads.

The oil companies have invested many millions of pounds in new refineries, and they sometimes get worried over the possibility that they will not be able to sell all the petrol they have planned to produce. One way to ensure maximum sales is to keep the retail price as low as possible. A little price competition between Shell, Esso and Regent would help a lot, but any such suggestion seems almost naïve in these days of monolithic monopoly.

Rationing, continued because of the uncertain situation in the Middle East, may well be over by the time you read this. In case it isn't, the Ministry of Power has done something to help the badly-hit tourist industry in the Scottish Highlands.

Motorists have been encouraged to spend their holidays in this austerely beautiful region with the bait of an extra petrol allowance. If you go there by road from a place 200 or more miles south of either Inverness or Fort William, you can claim your extra allowance at either of those towns. They will give you coupons for enough petrol to get you home from those places.

AMERICAN CUSTOMERS COLLECT THEIR NEW TRIUMPH SPORTS CARS AT LONDON AIRPORT: They are making their inspection of the forty cars after alighting from a B.O.A.C. DC-7C airliner which had been chartered to fly the customers from the United States. The cars had been ordered and paid for in America. From London they set out on a tour of Britain and the Continent.

Any motoring you do north of those points must be provided for from your basic ration, like the journey up. Coupons will be issued only to motorists who call personally at Fort William Town Hall or at the Scottish Tourist Board Information Centre at Inverness. They must produce their car registration and basic ration books.

Thousands of L-drivers learned with relief that they may now apply for a test, though in some areas they will have a long wait while the examiners deal with the enormous backlog of applicants who have been kicking their heels since before rationing. For the time being L-drivers still need not take a qualified driver with them if they have held a provisional licence for at least a month. The Ministry of Transport will give due warning when this dispensation is to be lifted.

If you have any doubt that the accident rate is governed by the volume of traffic on the roads, take a look at the casualty figures for March and for the first full quarter of the year. Total March casualties were down by 5 per cent.; those for the first quarter by 8½ per cent. Yet while the total casualty figures were down in both cases, there were *more* accidents than usual involving pedal cyclists and motor-cyclists. I wonder why? Did experienced riders allow themselves to get careless in the easier traffic conditions? Was the increase contributed to by motorists who, short of petrol, took to bicycles and motor-cycles?

Particularly disturbing was the 27 per cent. increase during the first three months of the year in the number of casualties to child cyclists. There is still an awful lot to be done to cut the accident rate by improved road conditions, safety-first education in the schools and elsewhere and by harsher penalties—including more frequent licence suspension—for motorists who drink too much or whose carelessness or selfishness imperils the safety of other road-users.

More should be done, too, to segregate the various classes of traffic. There should be more guard-rails at road junctions where on busy days pedestrians spill over on to the road. Cycle tracks should be put in good order and their use rigorously enforced.

Richard Dimbleby is the latest victim of the shattered windscreen menace. I can sympathise with him, because I have twice had my screen shattered in a couple of years. Resisting the temptation to suggest that Dimbleby got into trouble because his screen was panoramic, I want to make the serious plea that car manufacturers should reconsider their almost unanimous decision to use toughened instead of laminated glass. They use toughened glass because it is very much cheaper and not because they think it is safer.

Now that the business has become competitive again, why doesn't one or more of the Big Five switch to the use of laminated glass and advertise it as a safety measure? Or at least offer laminated screens as an optional extra?

Those who defend toughened glass say that laminated screens can be dangerous if they splinter badly in a serious crash. They paint lurid pictures of long, dagger-like slivers of glass slashing the faces of the occupants of a crashing car.

Why, if this danger exists, do the United States and Canada insist on all cars licensed there being fitted with laminated screens? Can they be as wrong as all that? Apart from the safety angle, I think the frequency with which screens shatter nowadays amounts to a major inconvenience to which motorists should not be subjected.

So the British Motor Corporation is out for some more sales-boosting speed records. They are building a new M.G. streamliner to improve their own 1½-litre record and Stirling Moss has agreed to drive it at the Bonneville Salt Flats in August.

It is hoped the car will exceed 240 miles an hour. The present 1½-litre record, set up by Colonel Goldie Gardner in 1939, stands at 204·2 m.p.h.

Mr. David Brown seems to be going all out to win the 24-hour race at Le Mans this year. In the last two races an Aston Martin has finished second to a Jaguar, and in doing so has won its class. But that's not good enough for the millionaire tractor manufacturer. His ambition has long been to win the world's most famous sports-car race. His three entries this year include an entirely new car with a 3·7-litre engine. It is the most powerful and the fastest Aston Marton ever to race at Le Mans.

The other two Aston Martins will be 3-litre models. This year Mr. Brown's cars will have no opposition from a Jaguar factory team, but Mr. David Murray's Ecurie Ecosse will be fielding the Jaguars which raced in the factory team last June.

Congratulations to the Standard Motor Co. on a very successful publicity stunt. I refer to the European car rally recently staged for the benefit of forty Americans who had ordered and paid for, in the U.S., forty Triumph sports cars. The cars were waiting for them at London Airport when the visitors arrived in a B.O.A.C. airliner chartered to fly them over. There were eighty American men and women in the party altogether, for most of the new Triumph owners had brought their wives or sweethearts to keep them company on their 2,500-mile tour of Europe.

A NEW FRENCH CAR MAKES ITS DEBUT: The Citroen ID 19 has a 4-cylinder engine developing 63 b.h.p. It has the new single-arm steering. Although the new model closely resembles the DS 19, it is slightly less powerful. The car costs £860 and the de luxe model, £925.

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A RARITY IN OPERA

"Turandot" at Covent Garden; New Plays in London Theatres

In one of his letters Puccini wrote: "Turandot, the Princess, is a soprano of very high notes." This explains why ***Turandot*** is rarely performed. It is not for the music, which is sometimes banal, nor for the plot, which follows the usual fantasy of operatic libretto. It is simply because the part of the Chinese Princess Turandot, in character a modern psychological commonplace, demands an outstanding voice. Until this month, audiences at the Royal Opera House had not heard the opera for ten years—since the memorable evenings when Eva Turner demonstrated how she had made the role a landmark in her brilliant career. Recently, London has been able to applaud the successor to Miss Turner in the person of Sylvia Fisher, the Australian soprano. In her four performances, which is all one can expect in one season, she gave a strongly individual interpretation.

For the rest, James Johnston was a magnificent Calaf, and Amy Shuard, as Liu, indicated that she must be a future Turandot. One of the greatest virtues of the production was that Mr. Rudolf Kempe was the conductor. Yet all he is doing at the moment can surely be only an anticipation of his eagerly-awaited ***Ring*** in the autumn.

"TURANDOT" AT COVENT GARDEN: Sylvia Fisher, as the Princess, stands half-way down the stairs, and James Johnston, in the foreground, sings Calaf. *On left*—The two leading singers are in another scene in this most exacting and rarely-produced opera of Puccini, which was given for four performances recently at the Royal Opera House.

On right—
AN ANOUILH PLAY WHICH IS NEW TO LONDON: In *Restless Heart* at the St. James's Theatre are, from the left, Donald Pleasance (Monsieur Tarde); John Bennett (Gosta) and Betty Warren (Madame Tarde). Tarde, the leader of a café orchestra, and his wife are the avaricious parents of a daughter (Mai Zetterling), and the plot turns on the conflict which arises when she is faced by the results of marrying for love and for money. Jean Anouilh's play is adapted by Lucienne Hill.

On right—
"THE BEST DAMN LIE": In the climax of the play at the Winter Garden Theatre are, from the left: Stephen Murray in the part of David Mischler; W. Thorp Devereux (Chief Inspector Phillips); Hugh Wakefield (Lord Appleby); Sonia Dresdel (seated, as Madam Zabaskin); Anna Steele (Valerie) and Geoffrey King (Commander Dexter). The play, which can be described as a thriller with a purpose, is by the American dramatist Leo Marks. It turns on the murder of an American girl in a foreign embassy in London. Her father is an expert and enthusiast for lie-detecting apparatus. He comes to England with his machine determined to employ it to track down the murderer of his daughter. In the course of his investigations he becomes involved in a country house where an extremely high-level meeting is taking place between representatives of three Great Powers. Before the climax another murder is committed and the situation becomes even more complicated. But the underlying purpose of the play is a plea for greater honesty in international relations and diplomatic dealings.

A TRY-OUT WITH THE LIE DETECTOR: Stephen Murray (David Mischler) tries his lie-detecting machine on Walter Fitzgerald (Mr. Zabaskin) in Leo Marks' play *The Best Damn Lie*.

The World of Books: By VERNON FANE

THE SUPREME BALLERINA

Reminiscences of a Partner of Pavlova; Medical Research and Entomological Adventures; The Trial of Marshal Ney; Australia and New Zealand; An Outstanding New Novel

IN every age there are some names that are famous, a few that are world-famous and perhaps one or two so dazzling and *hors concours* that they represent not only a person but the whole world of action from which that man or woman comes. Thus, Chaplin *is* comedy, Einstein *is* science and Pavlova *is* the dance. In his autobiography, Mr. H. Algeranoff writes about Anna Pavlova, in whose company he spent nine years, about his own life as a dancer as her partner in many ballets and about their travels round the world. MY YEARS WITH PAVLOVA (Heinemann. 25s.) is a delightful book and it achieves that rare objective in memoirs: it makes the reader want to know the author. Mr. Algeranoff writes vividly about the living legend that was Pavlova, but he also writes with humour and vivacity about his own experiences and about some of the friendships he has made all over the globe.

Three other new biographies have in common an intellectual atmosphere and an adventurousness that is largely in matters of the mind. THE BRIGHT COUNTENANCE (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.) is Lady Fletcher's personal story of her husband's life in his happy circle of relations and friends and, most memorably, in the academic and public life which, until his death in 1933, was one of service and distinction. Sir Walter was for nearly twenty years Secretary of the Medical Research Council and a devoted and brilliant worker in that field by which, as he expressed it himself, the medical research of to-day will give us a better common sense to-morrow. He was also a Fellow of Trinity College in his beloved Cambridge, and, most endearingly, a sportsman who would fish, shoot, bird-watch and stalk. THINGS WORTH WHILE (Hutchinson. 21s.) is, the author insists, not an autobiography in the sense of a record of the thoughts, ideas, emotions, affections and reactions of one person since "the person herself is not interesting, but her experiences are unusual and of outstanding interest." First of all, I can assure the reader that Miss Evelyn Cheesman is completely wrong on one point, no matter how coolly her scientific training may have taught her to appraise facts. She is a woman of very considerable interest. This story tells of her career as one of the world's most distinguished entomologists, the head of the Insect House at the Zoo and a traveller, on behalf of the British Museum, to the most dangerous and inaccessible parts of Papua, the Galapagos, and New Guinea. Her book has the advantage of being a record of a pioneer life as courageous as Gertrude Bell's in Arabia or Daisy Bates's in Australia.

A LONDON MEMORIAL TO AN AUSTRALIAN NOVELIST: Sir Eric Harrison (in foreground), the Australian High Commissioner in London, and Dr. Lindsay Neustatter examine a plaque erected by the L.C.C. at 90, Regent's Park Road. It commemorates the Australian-born novelist, Henry Handel Richardson. Sir Eric had just unveiled the plaque. Dr. Neustatter is a nephew of the novelist, who was, in fact, a woman, Mrs. Ethel Florence Lindsay Richardson. The memorial records that she lived near Regent's Park from 1910 to 1934 and there wrote her trilogy *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony*.

THE WIDENING CIRCLE (Heinemann. 18s.) is another book for which it is claimed that it is something other than a straightforward or, at any rate, a complete autobiography. It is, rather, a collection of highly personal essays, suggested to the writer, who is Mr. John van Druten, by his surroundings, his house in California, his shelves of books, his desk and its working apparatus, the field of, surprisingly, carrots outside his window. Starting from these small but intensely clear focal points, Mr. van Druten traces his development as a writer, his faiths, and the decisive moments in his life as a thinking, philosophical man. The book has a haunting quality, because it is the work of a subtle and alert mind, written with such transparent sincerity.

THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN (Secker and Warburg. 16s.) is a war story and an escape story but with a difference, for Miss Henriette Roosenburg's book is about her arrest as a political prisoner by the Nazis in Holland, her imprisonment with two other young Dutch girls also under sentence of death, their liberation by the French and their trek home. Not even the dangers of her underground work, her prison experience or near-starvation have prevented Miss "Zip" Roosenburg from writing a high-spirited book of adventure.

The next two volumes delve further back into the past. Mr. Harold Kurtz has chosen a dramatic chapter in French history with THE TRIAL OF MARSHAL NEY (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.) and has dealt with it in an erudite, balanced and, in many ways, exciting book. The panorama of the last days of Napoleon's power, Waterloo and its tragic aftermath for one of the greatest of the Marshals are shown with remarkable clarity. But it is the details of Ney's trial on charges of high treason which give the book its very real value, and its importance as an historical study.

Father Philip Caraman explains that HENRY MORSE: PRIEST OF THE PLAGUE (Longmans. 18s.) is the result of his long-felt desire to examine the life of what he might call an "ordinary" priest of the seventeenth century. When he settled on a man whose name was unknown and began, in London, Rome, Liége and elsewhere, to gather information about him, he found how fortunate his choice had been. Not only had this priest's life been an exceptional one, but the research itself led into fascinating byways of the England of that time. Morse was twice imprisoned, twice exiled and returned to London for the third time to work among the plague-stricken people of the City. After a further exile, and another return, he was arrested and publicly executed at Tyburn. His heroic work is shown here against a background of the horrors of the plague, of the London underworld, prison life and organised blackmail and thuggery.

TEN STARS SOUTH OF ASIA (Robert Hale. 16s.) is a healthy and, in fact, a vital reminder of the present in which we live. Mr. Don Taylor, a Scot by parentage and a Commonwealth expert by choice and experience, has written this lively, up-to-the-minute record of what Australia and New Zealand are doing and thinking in this year of grace. (Incidentally, he is far too authentic an expert to use that provocative term "Australasia.") The most recent of his journeyings through these countries and his talks with statesmen, editors, relations and a vast cross-section of people from a traffic-cop in Sydney to Sir Edmund Hillary in Wellington, has provided the material for an admirable report to this country on what is happening in the two Dominions 11,000 miles away.

Among the novels which I have read lately THE FRIENDS (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is the best. By Mr. Godfrey Smith, who also wrote *The Flaw in the Crystal*, it is short and satisfying, the antithesis of the vast sagas so well described by an American as "thumb-achers." Mr. Smith traces the progress, or lack of it, of a group of men who, since their university days, have remained friendly with the central character, a young-middle-aged politician. On a single day he has to make a decision involving love, family, career and conscience. The author handles the situation and its subsidiary themes with exquisite lightness and the kind of worldliness that is so much preferable to naïveté.

MORGAN (Collins. 13s. 6d.) is Kate Christie's new novel, and to many of us that is in itself a recommendation. The setting—a Welsh seaside town—and the characters—a wildish, jobbing-gardener poet and the respectable townsfolk who misunderstand him—could scarcely be a greater contrast with the urbanity of Mr. Smith's London background. But here again is an author who conveys much in a small compass and who appreciates the conflict between character and behaviour.

This week's two thrillers are a slick one from America and a tough one about Cairo. SHE DIED DANCING (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 11s. 6d.) is by Kelley Roos and is about a nice young New York couple who are haplessly involved in a murder in a dancing school. Ingenious and often amusing. ALIEN VIRUS (Peter Davies. 13s. 6d.) is by Mr. Alan Caillou, who writes about blood, lust and espionage in Egypt before Nasser's day. Definitely not for the squeamish, though the descriptions of Cairo, underworld, society and officialdom, are excellently done and the story itself moves fast.

On September 4, 1944, the great port of Antwerp fell into the hands of the 11th Armoured Division. However, it was not until eighty-five days later that the first convoy of Allied ships sailed up the Scheldt Estuary to dock with the supplies that were the vital prerequisites for final victory in the North-West European campaign of the Second World War. What happened? Why was the heroic tragedy of Arnhem allowed to take place? Why did we not seize the chance at Antwerp while the going was good? In THE EIGHTY-FIVE DAYS (Hutchinson. 18s.) R. W. Thompson reconstructs the bitter battle of the Scheldt Estuary which exacted a total of 60,000 casualties, divided only slightly in favour of the Allies, and imposed a delay that was to be even more costly. With skill and infinite patience, Mr. Thompson has unravelled the story from the maze of personal and official files. Like his previous book, *Dieppe at Dawn*, it is at once exciting, moving and distressing.

Jack Sheppard (1702-1724) was once thought of as a stupid, brutal murderer, and an inspirer of murderers, and not much else besides. This was a harsh verdict, for he was really nothing of the sort. Sheppard was dissolute, certainly, and he broke the law without regret or repentance. He was vain and extravagant, self-indulgent and wildly irresponsible, an inveterate and habitual thief. But in a selfish age of violence and cruelty, Sheppard was neither violent nor cruel, and in an underworld of informers and spies he was faithful to the point of chivalry. In THE ROAD TO TYBURN (Longmans. 16s.) Christopher Hibbert tells the story of Jack Sheppard and the eighteenth-century underworld. It is a brilliant narrative, throwing a vivid sidelight on social history.

Gabor Denes is a photographer of skill with a flair for presentation, but he has another side to his character: he is a sailing man of knowledge and enthusiasm, as is evidenced in his article "Sailing for Beginners" on pages 266-267 in this issue of THE SPHERE. In his new book, PLAIN SAILING (Faber and Faber. 25s.), Mr. Denes fully develops his theme, presenting in words and pictures a compendium for the young man or woman who wants to know all about sailing and the handling of small craft. The author is a friendly, helpful, encouraging guide, giving the essential information in its simplest form and in logical progression, starting with the handling of a rowing dinghy and continuing with the elements of sailing various types of small boat. He has dared to be severely factual, explanatory to the point of simplicity. A whole host of young people, and others not so young except in heart and spirit, will breathe a sigh of relief when they see that he has covered their very special needs in a most helpful way.

A MISSED OPPORTUNITY

The Tragedy of the Scheldt Battle in 1944

JACKIE MOGGRIDGE: WOMAN PILOT (Michael Joseph. 16s.) is an excellent piece of autobiography by a most persistent, skilful and patriotic woman who from her earliest days had flying on her mind and was determined to succeed, no matter what the obstacles, male or otherwise. During the war Jackie Moggridge gained entry to the ranks of the all-women's Ferry Pool. At the close of hostilities she had ferried more aircraft than any other pilot, man or woman. The author writes well and racily, as one would expect, and this is a delightful record both of her war and peacetime service, with just a few interludes for private life.

Jacques Chegaray, a Frenchman who has travelled widely in the Pacific and among the islands of the East Indies, records in glowing terms a visit to HAWAII: ISLES OF DREAMS (Arthur Barker. 21s.). His special purpose was to look behind the façade of American civilisation in these islands to the Tahitian antecedents of the Hawaiian islanders. He has a searching eye, a good camera and a zestful pen, and the result is a book of the deepest interest reflecting, above all, the author's instinct for beauty in these astonishingly lovely islands.

The Australian Antarctic Expedition which went to Heard Island in 1952 consisted of fourteen young men—two Englishmen, a Scotsman, a Frenchman and ten Australians. They encountered varying fortune on that ice-capped volcanic island in the far south, and two of their number died tragically. Peter Lancaster Brown, one of the English members of the expedition, tells the story in TWELVE CAME BACK (Robert Hale. 18s.). He has much to say about the day-to-day life on Heard Island, a certain amount about incompetence and poor equipment, and a little regarding the personal conflicts that must ever arise in this sort of cribbed, cabined and confined living. This is a forthright book, and a most valuable record of scientific research under conditions bringing great difficulties and hardship.

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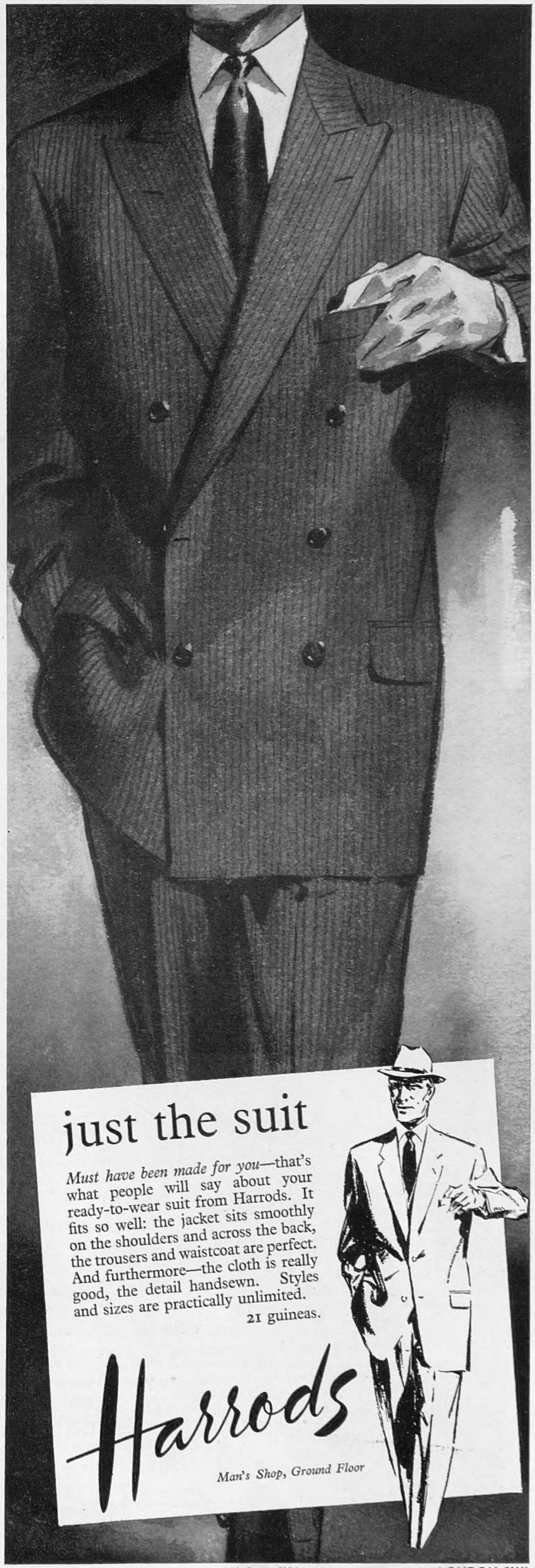

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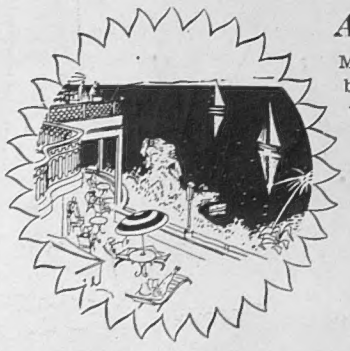

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THE ENGLISH HOTEL IN THE MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

I KNOW OF A LOVELY GARDEN. I know of hundreds, for in front of me is the 1957 illustrated guide published by the organisers of The National Gardens Scheme for the benefit of The Queen's Institute of District Nursing. Thanks to the courtesy of the owners of many private estates, no one need be at a loss for a week-end's objective in any county of England and Wales from now onwards until mid-September. (Scotland has a similar organisation.)

The pity of it that in the great majority of cases these gardens are only open on specified week-ends. It restricts the number we can visit, and, as a constructive thought, I would suggest that another year certain owners might agree to open their gardens on a mid-week date to coincide with, say, the local early closing day. In turning over the pages of this useful guide I was glad to see that four hotels are lending their support to this gardens scheme, for they, unlike private estates, are open at all times. At each it is a pleasure not only to view their gardens, but to enjoy in the hotels the fruit, flowers and vegetables that emanate from them.

In Cheshire I note Craxton Wood, Ledsham, whose gardens are open to the general public on Saturday, May 25. A Country Club, it is open all the year round to club members, or those staying there, and I can assure anyone who goes that their bedrooms are as charming as their flower-beds, green lawns, and woodlands.

Down Devon way, tucked away two miles off the Kingsbridge–Totnes main road, is a lovely twelfth-century manor house—Buckland-Tout-Saints. Opened some two years ago as an hotel, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Prime, its owners, have already won gastronomic fame, and I see from the guide that the 27 acres of walled gardens, flowering shrubs, woodlands, ancient dovecote and barns can be viewed by appointment only; clearly the best way of quietly absorbing their loveliness is to book a bedroom and so enjoy the estate at leisure. It is best not to go there on chance, assuming that because it is off the beaten track, accommodation will be easy. That was the mistake my wife and I made last October. The hotel was full! Telephone number is Kingsbridge 2586.

I was glad to see that Mr. H. Swinnerton, owner of The Devoncourt Hotel, Exmouth, is opening his gardens for the benefit of The Queen's Institute from Saturday, June 1, to Friday, June 7. We lunched at this admirably-run hotel on a Riviera-like day in March last. To us the beautifully groomed grounds had an especial appeal, for practically every flowering shrub and tree was labelled and we came away with our garden education considerably improved. (Thank you, Mr. Swinnerton.)

In Wales I observe that Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, at Portmeirion, is devoting Whit Monday, June 10, for the benefit of the Nurses' fund. Portmeirion, with its sub-tropical, coastal, cliff and woodland gardens, quite apart from the amazing conception of the whole community, is something no one should miss. But to absorb it in one day or part of it? Impossible! Arrange to stay there at Portmeirion Hotel for a week or more, and ask Mr. Williams-Ellis to put a percentage on your bill for The Queen's Institute. He will be delighted.

There are many more hotels with show gardens that the organisers of this scheme might well rope in to their activities, though before I forget it, both the Institute and we, the public, must be grateful for the local lists of gardens that so many hundreds of hotels gladly display on their notice-boards.

However, whether The National Gardens Scheme seek their co-operation or not, here are some. Near Tavistock, Devon, Endsleigh, the Duke of Bedford's home, open as a Guest House and Fishing Lodge. Here in June the famous rhododendron and azalea collections are at their best. Shurdington, near Cheltenham, Greenway Hotel and Country Club, where in June herbaceous and other borders will be a riot of colour. Burford, The Lamb Inn. A small but scented garden on which Mr. and Mrs. North Lewis have made a little paradise for the benefit of their resident and mealtime visitors. St. Owen's Cross, 'twixt Hereford and Ross-on-Wye, Pengethley Hotel, where flower, fruit, vegetable gardens and adjoining farm add their contribution to the pleasure of the hotel guests. Near Sandringham,* Ingoldisthorpe Manor Hotel, high standards in food and wine are practised here and the nine acres of grounds provide visual evidence of the part they play in the daily fare. Near Crickhowell, Breconshire, Gliffaes Country House Hotel and Fishing Club, the grounds here are famous in horticultural circles, and here again most of the specimen trees and shrubs are labelled. Waddington, near Clitheroe, Eaves Hall Hotel, on the borders of industrial Lancashire and Yorkshire. A surprise among show grounds. Wide terraces, herbaceous borders, an azalea surround to a swimming-pool, and beyond the sweeping hills of the Ribble Valley framed by stately trees. Finally, on the shores of Lake Windermere, Langdale Chase Hotel, which still retains the characteristics of a country home. Here, from the stone-flagged terraces, one can have one's fill of lawns, flower-beds and shrubs, with vistas of the lake and the mountains beyond.

In the House magazine of Trust Houses Limited, always fascinating reading, I read that George Sturdy has been gardener at the Black Swan, Helmsley, for thirty-four years. I must collect a tip or two (gardening ones) from him next time I am his way.

* By gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen the grounds and gardens at Sandringham will be open (except when Her Majesty the Queen, or any members of the Royal Family, are in residence) from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., every Wednesday and Thursday in June; every Wednesday and Thursday in July, except Wednesday (3rd) and Thursday (4th); August Bank Holiday (August 5), and every Wednesday and Thursday in August and September, except Thursday, August 1. Admission 1s. 6d.

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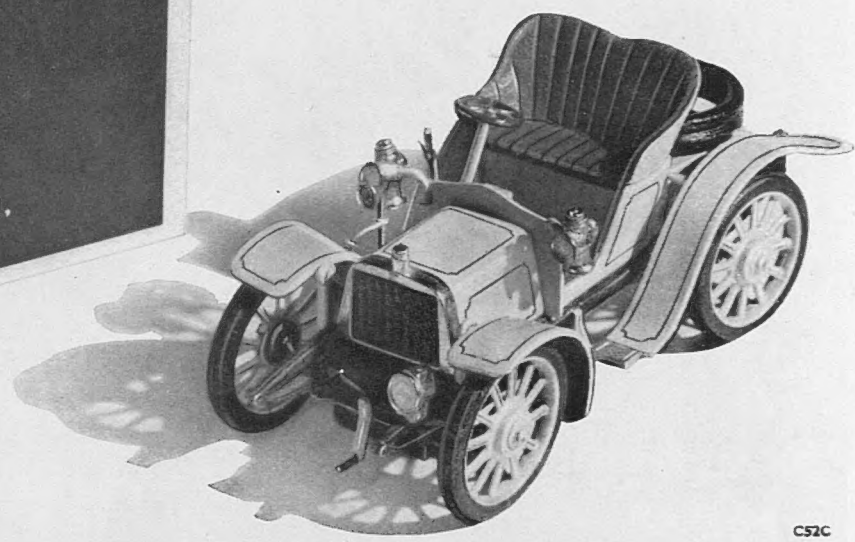

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